

# BARBARELLA

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FRENCH PUBLISHER, LE TERRAIN VAGUE, WISH TO EXPRESS THEIR THANKS TO H.-G. GALLET, THE ORIGINAL PUB-  
LISHER OF BARBARELLA. THE PRESENT EDITION IN BOOK FORM WAS MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH HIS AGREEMENT.





BARBARELLA RECOGNIZED LYTHION BY ITS THREE SATELLITES. THE GALACTIC CHARTS SHOWED IT AS BEING A RELATIVELY HOSPITABLE PLANET. BENEATH THE ASTROSHIP A CONTINENT UNFOLDS, WHICH AT FIRST APPEARS TO THE TRAVELLER TO BE NOTHING BUT A VOLCANIC DESERT... BUT SUDDENLY, NESTLED IN A GIANT CRATER CRYSTALLIA, THE GREAT GREENHOUSE, APPEARS...

FOREST



WHAT MISADVENTURES, WHAT DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE HAVE LED THIS GIRL TO WANDER ALONE THROUGH A SOLAR SYSTEM FAR REMOVED FROM OURS...?

FOR DAYS ON END HER ROCKET HAS RACED PAST AIRLESS, LIFELESS WORLDS.... AT LAST, WITH THE HELP OF HER OWN FATIGUE, THE FEATURES OF THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HER SUFFERING GROW BLURRED... SHE IS CAPABLE OF CONFRONTING NEW FACES....

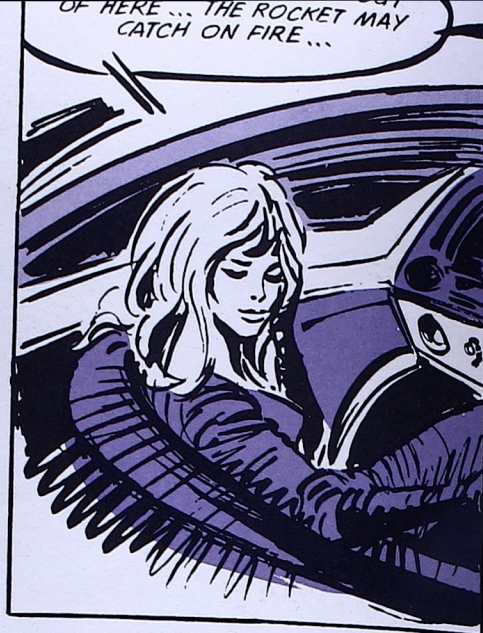


A STRONG WIND MAKES IT DIFFICULT TO LAND, AND THE ROCKET CONTROLS RESPOND BADLY... EXHAUSTED, BARBARELLA FEELS HER NERVES BETRAYING HER....





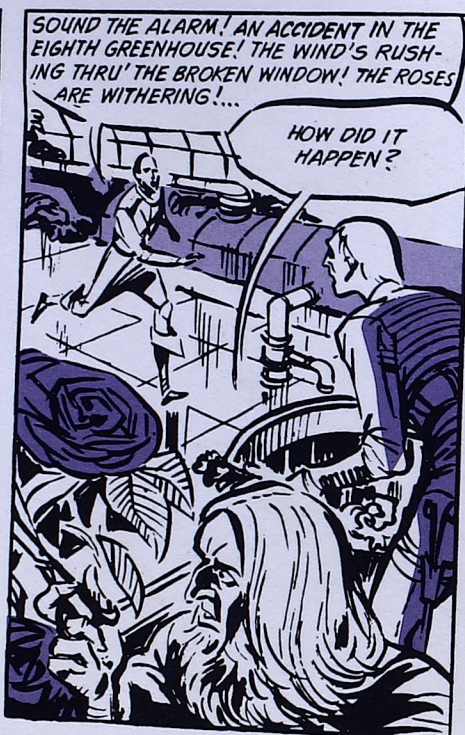
THROUGH A GLASS WINDOW.



OF HERE... THE ROCKET MAY CATCH ON FIRE...

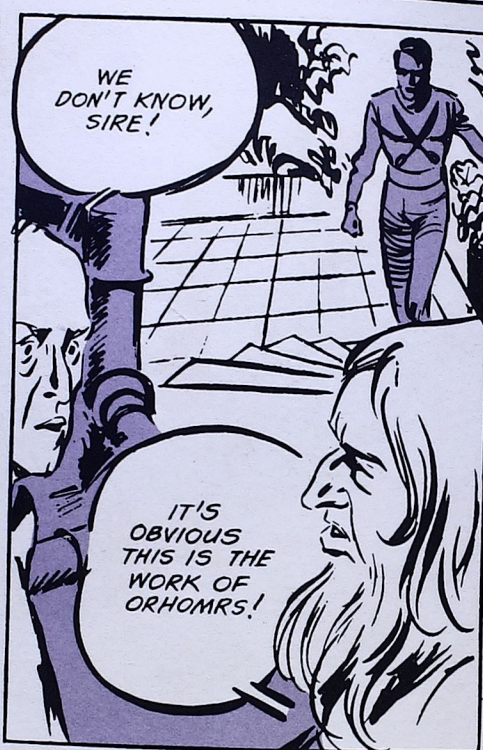


I'VE FALLEN INTO A GREENHOUSE OF ROSE BUSHES... BUT... WHAT'S GOING ON? IS IT THE ICY WIND THAT'S MAKING THE BUSHES MOVE THIS WAY?



SOUND THE ALARM! AN ACCIDENT IN THE EIGHTH GREENHOUSE! THE WIND'S RUSHING THRU' THE BROKEN WINDOW! THE ROSES ARE WITHERING!...

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



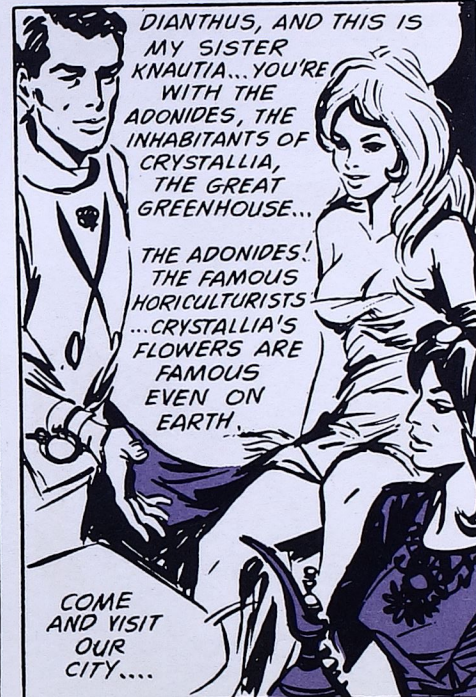
WE DON'T KNOW, SIRE!

IT'S OBVIOUS THIS IS THE WORK OF ORHOMRS!



YOU WERE VERY LUCKY, EARTH GIRL. YOUR WOUNDS AREN'T TOO SERIOUS....

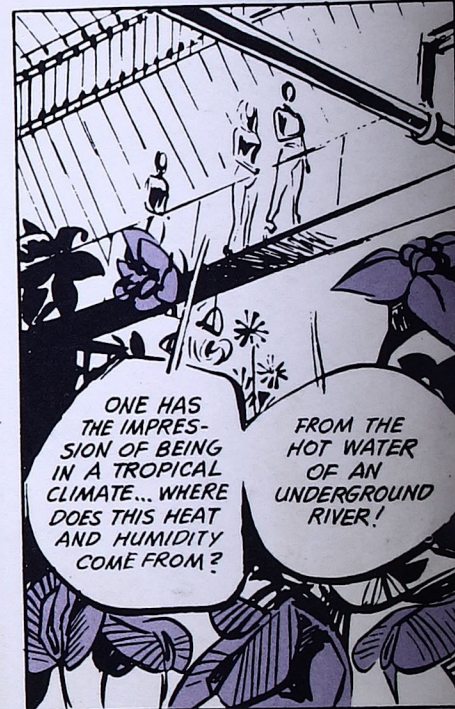
THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE... WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND THE NAME OF YOUR PEOPLE?



DIANTHUS, AND THIS IS MY SISTER KNAUTIA... YOU'RE WITH THE ADONIDES, THE INHABITANTS OF CRYSTALLIA, THE GREAT GREENHOUSE...

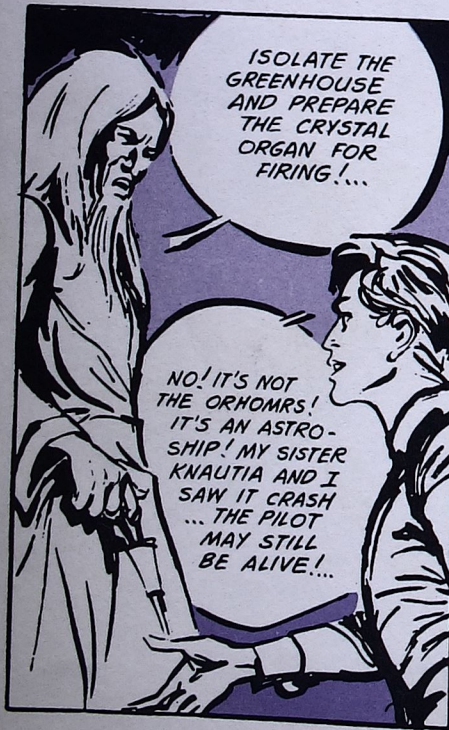
THE ADONIDES! THE FAMOUS HORTICULTURISTS... CRYSTALLIA'S FLOWERS ARE FAMOUS EVEN ON EARTH...

COME AND VISIT OUR CITY....



ONE HAS THE IMPRESSION OF BEING IN A TROPICAL CLIMATE... WHERE DOES THIS HEAT AND HUMIDITY COME FROM?

FROM THE HOT WATER OF AN UNDERGROUND RIVER!



ISOLATE THE GREENHOUSE AND PREPARE THE CRYSTAL ORGAN FOR FIRING!...

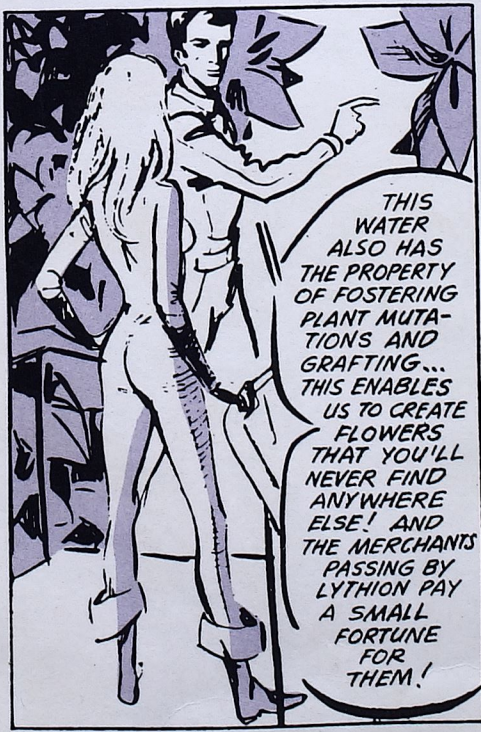
NO! IT'S NOT THE ORHOMRS! IT'S AN ASTRO-SHIP! MY SISTER KNAUTIA AND I SAW IT CRASH... THE PILOT MAY STILL BE ALIVE!...



I'M GOING TO BE SLASHED TO RIBBONS BY THE DEATH STRUGGLE OF THE ROSE BUSHES. IT'S REALLY TOO POETIC A DEATH! OPEN UP!... HELP!...



KNAUTIA! I CAN HEAR SOMEONE CALLING. WE'VE GOT TO OPEN THE GREENHOUSE DOORS!



THIS WATER ALSO HAS THE PROPERTY OF FOSTERING PLANT MUTATIONS AND GRAFTING... THIS ENABLES US TO CREATE FLOWERS THAT YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANYWHERE ELSE! AND THE MERCHANTS PASSING BY LYTHION PAY A SMALL FORTUNE FOR THEM!



EVEN WITHOUT COMPARING IT TO THE SURROUNDING DESERT, CRYSTALLIA IS LIKE A WONDERFUL OASIS!...

YES, IT'S ALWAYS SPRING HERE!



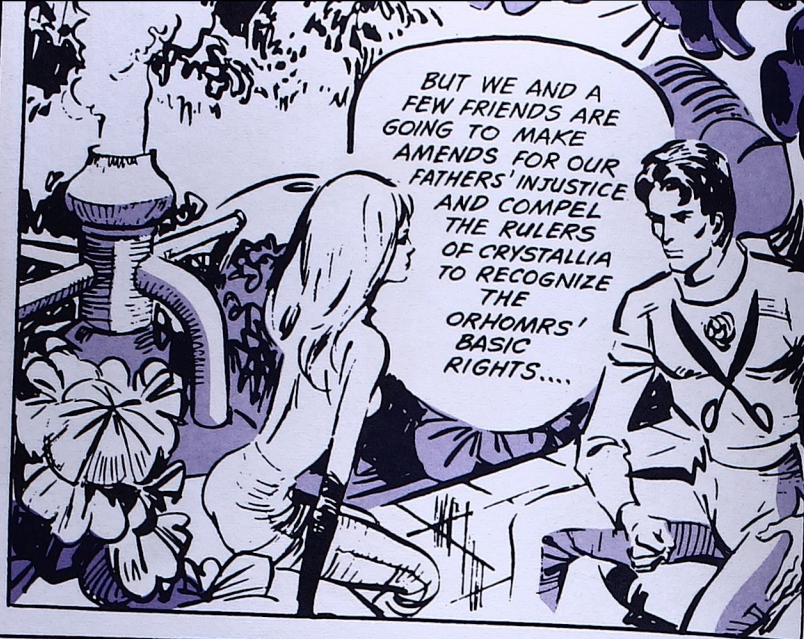
YOU SEEM SAD WHEN YOU SAY THAT! ISN'T IT REALLY A PARADISE?

MAYBE SO...! BUT MANY ADONIDES CAN'T ENJOY IT WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE....





JARHALL... LIVING IN THEM... OR RATHER DYING IN THEM, BECAUSE OF US, IN TIMES PAST THE WARM SPRINGS PROVIDED THEM WITH A RELATIVELY TEMPERATE CLIMATE. WHEN THE ADONIDES DIVERTED THE RIVER, THEY DEPRIVED THEM OF THIS PRIVILEGE, AND THIS PEOPLE, THE ORHOMRS, IS DYING....

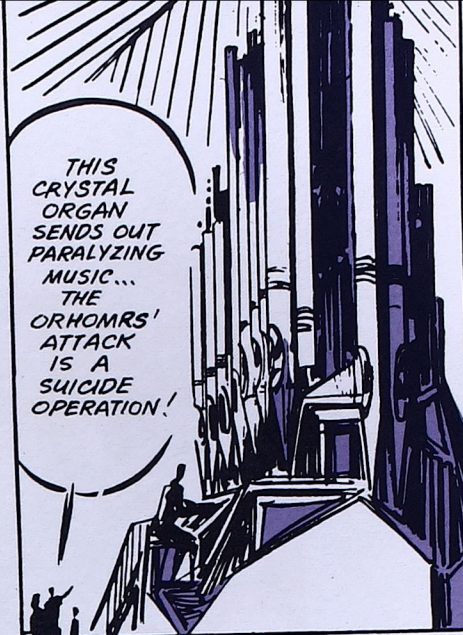


BUT WE AND A FEW FRIENDS ARE GOING TO MAKE AMENDS FOR OUR FATHERS' INJUSTICE AND COMPEL THE RULERS OF CRYSTALLIA TO RECOGNIZE THE ORHOMRS' BASIC RIGHTS....



CRYSTALLIA...! WHAT DO THE ADONIDES DO TO DEFEND THEMSELVES?

ME AND YOU'LL SEE!



THIS CRYSTAL ORGAN SENDS OUT PARALYZING MUSIC... THE ORHOMRS' ATTACK IS A SUICIDE OPERATION!



THEY ARE FALLING!



I LIKE YOU, DIANTHUS. RATHER THAN CULTIVATING ORCHIDS, YOU PREFER TO CULTIVATE DECENCY... IT'S TRUE THAT DECENCY IS A RARE PLANT IN THE GALAXY....

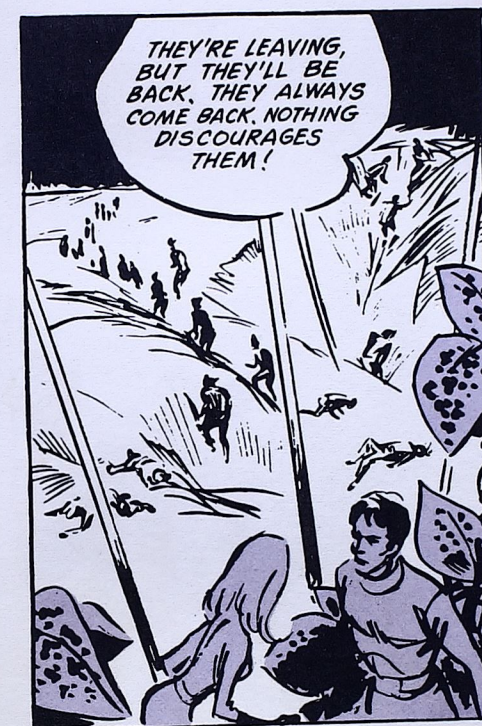


AH! HOW... HOW CAN I TELL YOU HOW ATTRACTIVE I FIND YOU!

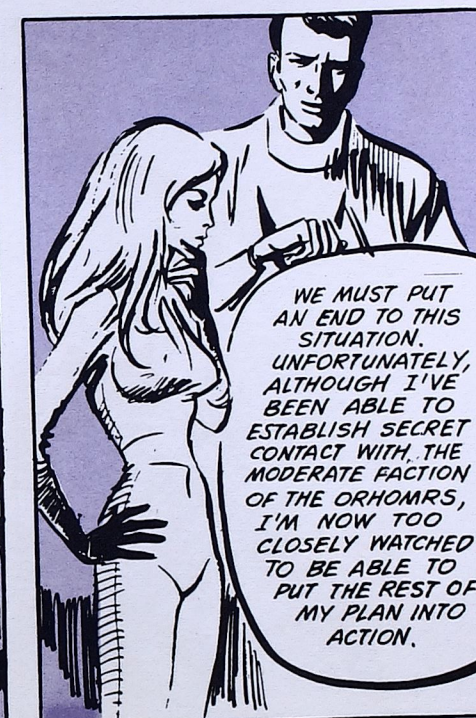


GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT? DID I DO SOMETHING ALL THAT IMPROPER?

THE ORHOMRS ARE ATTACKING!



THEY'RE LEAVING, BUT THEY'LL BE BACK. THEY ALWAYS COME BACK. NOTHING DISCOURAGES THEM!



WE MUST PUT AN END TO THIS SITUATION. UNFORTUNATELY, ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN ABLE TO ESTABLISH SECRET CONTACT WITH THE MODERATE FACTION OF THE ORHOMRS, I'M NOW TOO CLOSELY WATCHED TO BE ABLE TO PUT THE REST OF MY PLAN INTO ACTION.



DIANTHUS, I WANT TO HELP YOU RECONCILE YOUR PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE OF THE DESERT... WHAT CAN I DO?

IT'S DANGEROUS... BUT IF YOUR MIND IS REALLY MADE UP... COME ALONG!



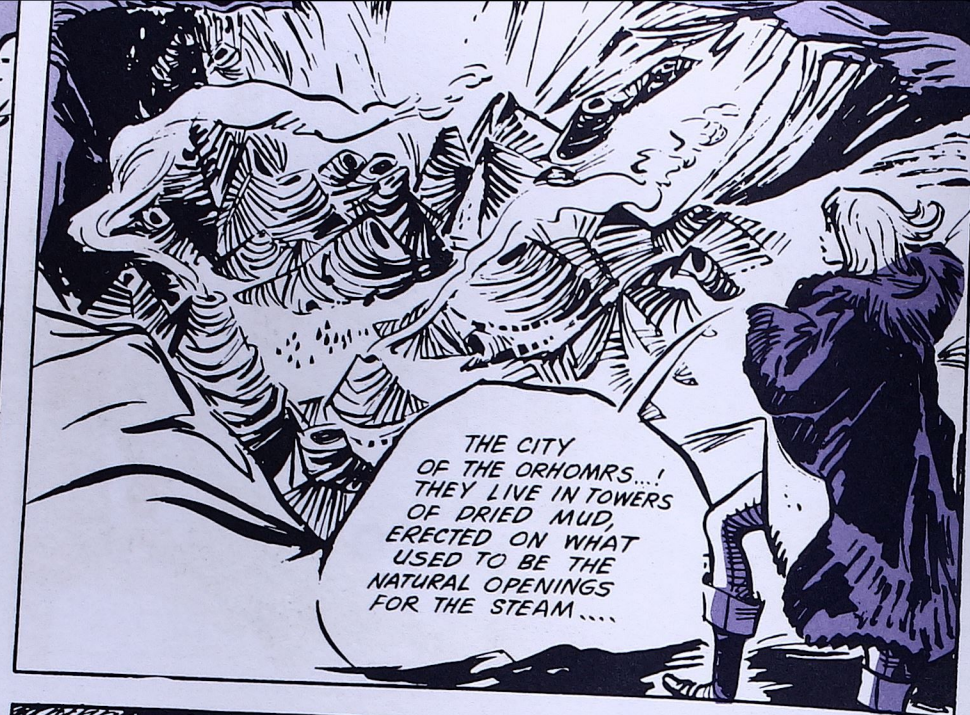
LOOK AT THEM! THEY FRIGHTEN ME! THEY THROW THESE ENORMOUS ROCKS WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHING THEM. THEIR THOUGHT WAVES ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THE ROCKS....

YOU MEAN THEIR ANGER IS STRONG ENOUGH... I UNDERSTAND THEIR HATE....

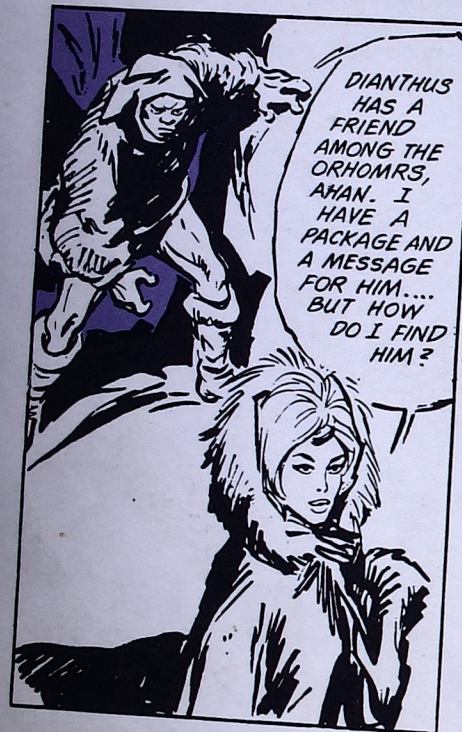


THIS ANIMAL IS REALLY HIDEOUS, AND THE IDEA OF HOLLOWING OUT A SEAT IN ITS GREASY INSENSITIVE BACK IS COMPLETELY REPELLING... BUT THE STRIULE IS THE ONLY MOUNT CAPABLE OF BRAVING THE ICY WINDS OF THE DESERT!





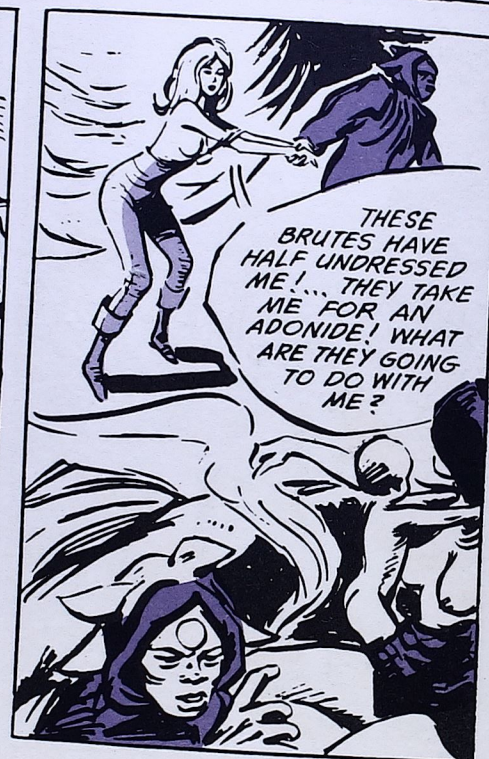
THE CITY  
OF THE ORHOMRS...!  
THEY LIVE IN TOWERS  
OF DRIED MUD,  
ERECTED ON WHAT  
USED TO BE THE  
NATURAL OPENINGS  
FOR THE STEAM....



DIANTHUS  
HAS A  
FRIEND  
AMONG THE  
ORHOMRS,  
AHAN. I  
HAVE A  
PACKAGE AND  
A MESSAGE  
FOR HIM....  
BUT HOW  
DO I FIND  
HIM?



OH-OH!  
I WAS  
WRONG  
TO  
CREATE  
PROBLEMS  
FOR MYSELF!



THESE  
BRUTES HAVE  
HALF UNDERESSED  
ME!... THEY TAKE  
ME FOR AN  
ADONIDE! WHAT  
ARE THEY GOING  
TO DO WITH  
ME?

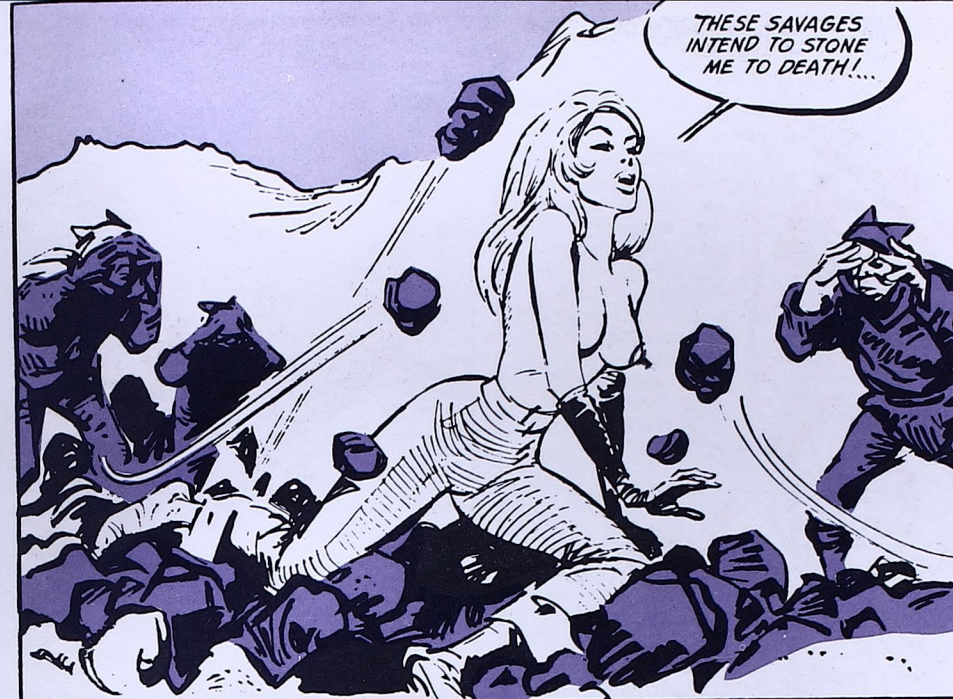


AHAN! IS  
ONE OF YOU  
AHAN? I HAVE  
A MESSAGE  
FOR HIM!  
OH! THEY  
DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
ME!... WHERE  
ARE THEY  
TAKING  
ME?



WHY HAVE THEY THROWN  
ME ON THESE SHARP  
STONES...?

BARBARELLA IS QUICKLY  
ENLIGHTENED. THE ORHOMRS  
PLACE THEIR FROST-  
BITTEN FINGERS  
ON THEIR  
FOREHEADS....



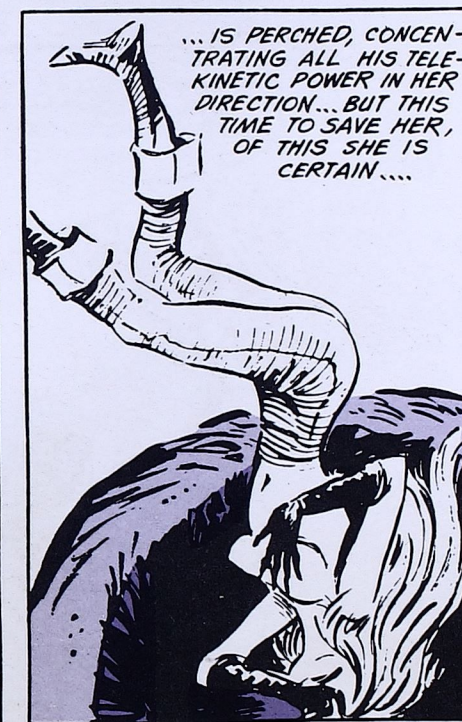
THESE SAVAGES  
INTEND TO STONE  
ME TO DEATH!...



SUDDENLY, BARBARELLA FEELS HER-  
SELF BEING LIFTED OFF THE GROUND,  
SUCKED UP, AS THOUGH BY A  
POWERFUL CURRENT OF AIR....



HALF UNCONSCIOUS, SHE FLIES  
OVER THE TOWERS OF THE VILLAGE.  
...AT THE SUMMIT OF SEVERAL  
OF THEM, AN ORHOMR...



...IS PERCHED, CONCEN-  
TRATING ALL HIS TELE-  
KINETIC POWER IN HER  
DIRECTION... BUT THIS  
TIME TO SAVE HER,  
OF THIS SHE IS  
CERTAIN....

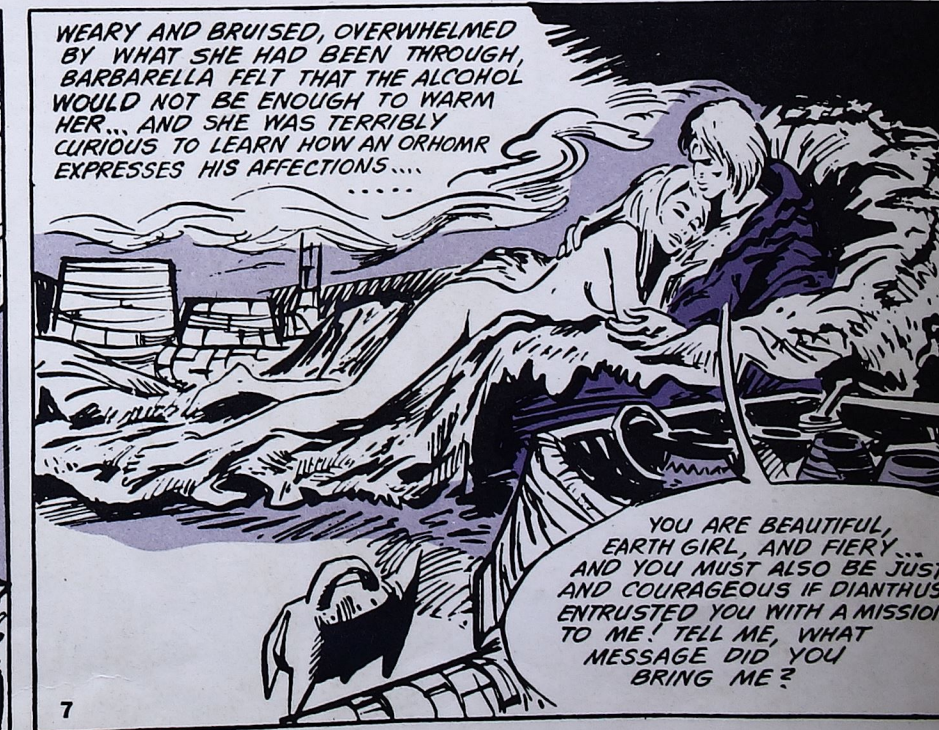


THE  
LANDING  
IS A  
LITTLE BUMPY  
BUT  
THERE WAS  
NO OTHER  
WAY TO  
SAVE  
YOU!



AT LAST  
AN ORHOMR  
WHO  
SPEAKS  
GALACTIC  
ESPERANTO!!

I'M AHAN!  
I HEARD  
YOU CALLING....  
HERE, YOU'RE SAFE,  
DRINK A LITTLE  
SKIAWOLF, AN  
ALCOHOL MADE  
FROM RED MOSS....  
IT WILL WARM  
YOU UP!



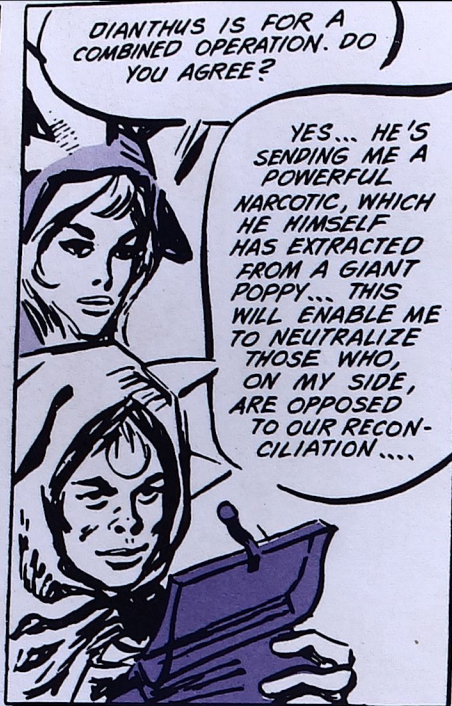
WEARY AND BRUISED, OVERWHELMED  
BY WHAT SHE HAD BEEN THROUGH,  
BARBARELLA FELT THAT THE ALCOHOL  
WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH TO WARM  
HER... AND SHE WAS TERRIBLY  
CURIOUS TO LEARN HOW AN ORHOMR  
EXPRESSES HIS AFFECTIONS....

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL,  
EARTH GIRL, AND FIERY...  
AND YOU MUST ALSO BE JUST  
AND COURAGEOUS IF DIANTHUS  
ENTRUSTED YOU WITH A MISSION  
TO ME! TELL ME, WHAT  
MESSAGE DID YOU  
BRING ME?





THE MESSAGE AND THE  
COFFER WHICH WENT WITH  
IT ARE BACK IN THE  
STRUGGLE....



DIANTHUS IS FOR  
A COMBINED OPERATION. DO  
YOU AGREE?

YES... HE'S  
SENDING ME A  
POWERFUL  
NARCOTIC, WHICH  
HE HIMSELF  
HAS EXTRACTED  
FROM A GIANT  
POPPY... THIS  
WILL ENABLE ME  
TO NEUTRALIZE  
THOSE WHO,  
ON MY SIDE,  
ARE OPPOSED  
TO OUR RECON-  
CILIATION....



BARBARELLA WINGS BACK TO  
CRYSTALLIA, A MESSENGER  
OF HOPE.



SURPRISED AND UPSET, THE  
GUARD BENDS DOWN OVER  
THE GRACEFULLY UNCONSCIOUS  
GIRL....



WHAT'S GOING  
ON? MY, WHAT  
EXCITEMENT!  
I'D BETTER  
KEEP OUT OF  
SIGHT!



KNAUTIA SUDDENLY APPEARS.

BARBARELLA! COME AND  
HIDE...! DIANTHUS' PLANS HAVE  
BEEN DISCOVERED... THE MASTERS  
OF CRYSTALLIA ARE AFTER  
US!

NO, ALL IS  
NOT LOST...  
LET'S TRY  
AND GET  
BACK TO THE  
WRECK OF  
MY ROCKET...  
I NEED A  
WEAPON!

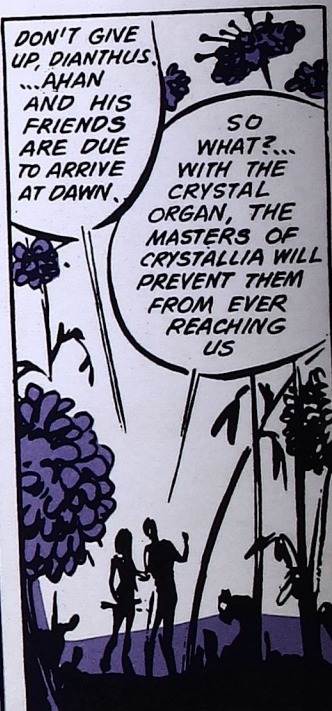


HE'S IN NO SHAPE  
TO RE-ENTER THE  
LISTS! NOW,  
LET'S SEE  
ABOUT SOME  
WEAPONS...  
THEY'RE  
IN THE PILOT'S  
CABIN.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER BARBARELLA  
AND KNAUTIA HAVE REJOINED  
DIANTHUS AND HIS  
PARTISANS.

THANKS FOR  
JOINING US, EARTH  
GIRL... BUT I'M AFRAID  
OUR CAUSE IS HOPELESS  
... WE'RE TRAPPED IN  
THIS GREENHOUSE... THE  
VENOMOUS SCENT OF THE  
SCABIOUS PLANTS  
WILL POISON US  
BEFORE LONG....

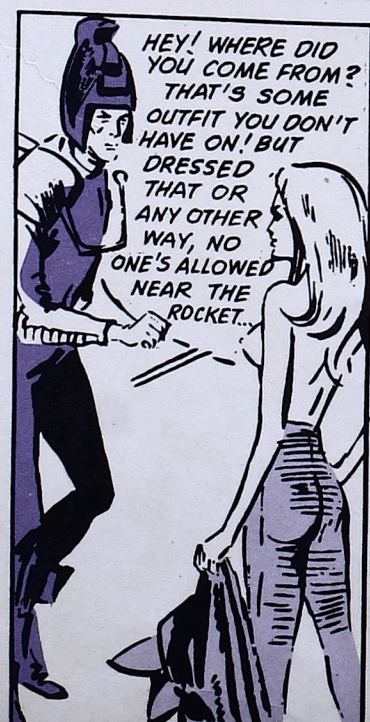


DON'T GIVE  
UP, DIANTHUS...  
...AHAN  
AND HIS  
FRIENDS  
ARE DUE  
TO ARRIVE  
AT DAWN.

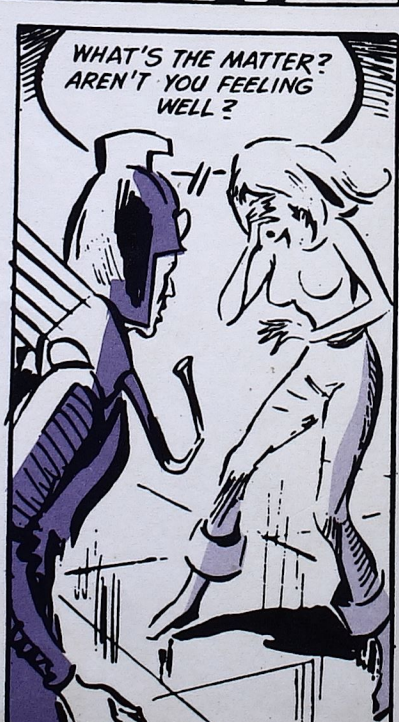
SO  
WHAT?...  
WITH THE  
CRYSTAL  
ORGAN, THE  
MASTERS OF  
CRYSTALLIA WILL  
PREVENT THEM  
FROM EVER  
REACHING  
US



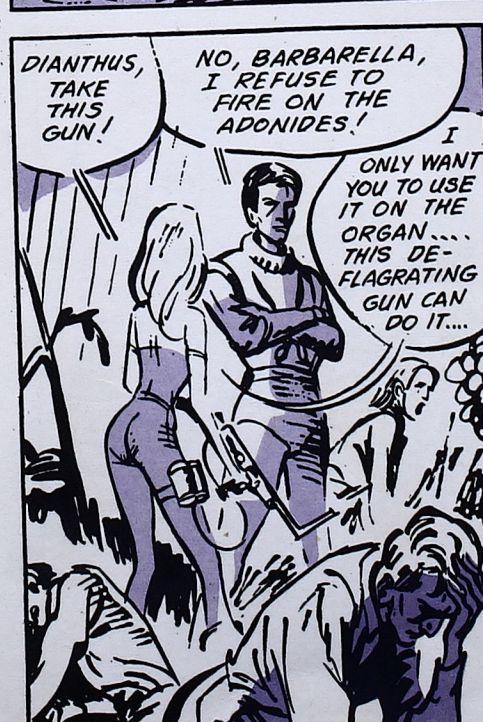
JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID  
OF! THEY'VE STATIONED A  
GUARD... FOR US POOR  
DEFENSELESS WOMEN,  
THERE AREN'T  
A DOZEN WAYS  
TO SKIN A  
CAT!



HEY! WHERE DID  
YOU COME FROM?  
THAT'S SOME  
OUTFIT YOU DON'T  
HAVE ON! BUT  
DRESSED  
THAT OR  
ANY OTHER  
WAY, NO  
ONE'S ALLOWED  
NEAR THE  
ROCKET...



WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
AREN'T YOU FEELING  
WELL?



DIANTHUS,  
TAKE  
THIS  
GUN!

NO, BARBARELLA,  
I REFUSE TO  
FIRE ON THE  
ADONIDES!

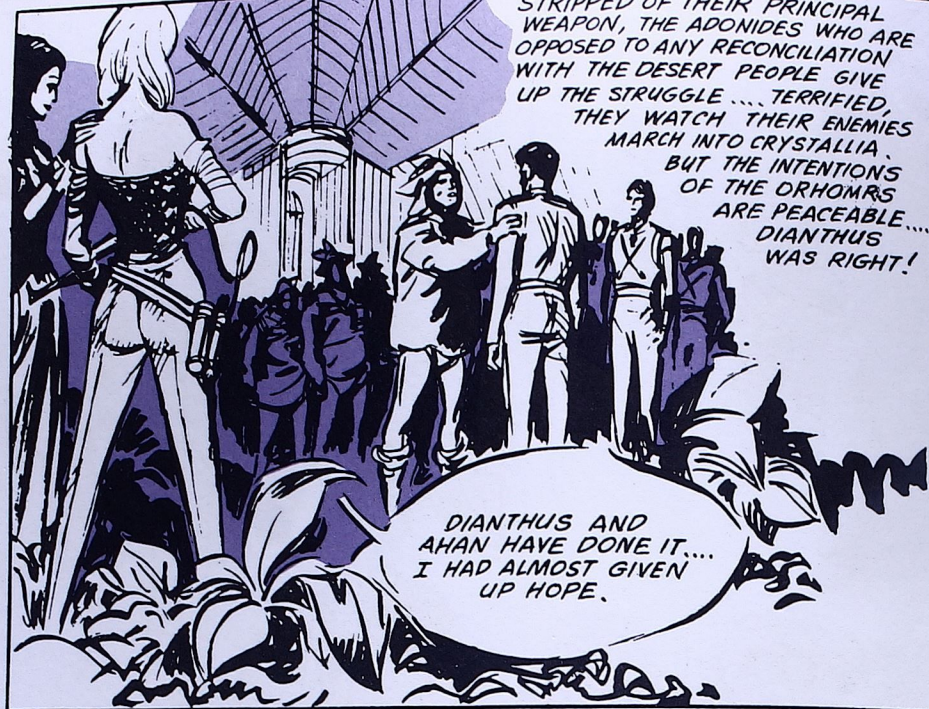
I  
ONLY WANT  
YOU TO USE  
IT ON THE  
ORGAN...  
THIS DE-  
FLAGRATING  
GUN CAN  
DO IT...



THIS IS AS  
CLOSE AS WE  
CAN GET! IS  
IT CLOSE  
ENOUGH?

I  
HOPE  
SO....









THIS THING IS TOO ENORMOUS FOR US TO TRY AND PRETEND IT DOESN'T EXIST! IT LOOKS LIKE A MEDUSA... A JELLY FISH... BUT IT MUST MEASURE AT LEAST SIX HUNDRED YARDS ACROSS.

WE'LL MOVE IN CLOSER TO IT... IT'LL BE EASIER TO EXAMINE... APADANG, SWITCH OFF THE REACTORS AND STABILIZE THE ROCKETS BY USING THE ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE.

IF YOU HAVE A CAMERA ON BOARD, I SUSPECT IT WOULD BE WORTHWHILE SPENDING A REEL OR TWO ON THIS PHENOMENON!

AYE, AYE, BARBARELLA. TWO REELS FOR THE JELLY FISH... AND AS MANY FOR WHAT'S COMING OVER THE HORIZON.

WHAT IS IT?

ON EARTH WE CALL IT PHYSALIA, OR PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR, AND IT'S NO LARGER THAN 12 INCHES... THE SWOLLEN MEMBRANE WHICH SHINES IN THE SUNLIGHT SERVES BOTH FOR BUOYANCY AND AS A KIND OF SAIL.

IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH THEY'RE GETTING AWFULLY CLOSE. CAPTAIN DILDANO, YOU'D BETTER REGAIN ALTITUDE!





TOO LATE! WE'VE COLLIDED! LOOK, THEIR MEMBRANE IS COATED WITH SOME VISCOUS SUBSTANCE WHICH MAKES THEM STICK TO METAL.



DO SOMETHING, DILDANO! THE ROCKET IS TIPPING OVER!

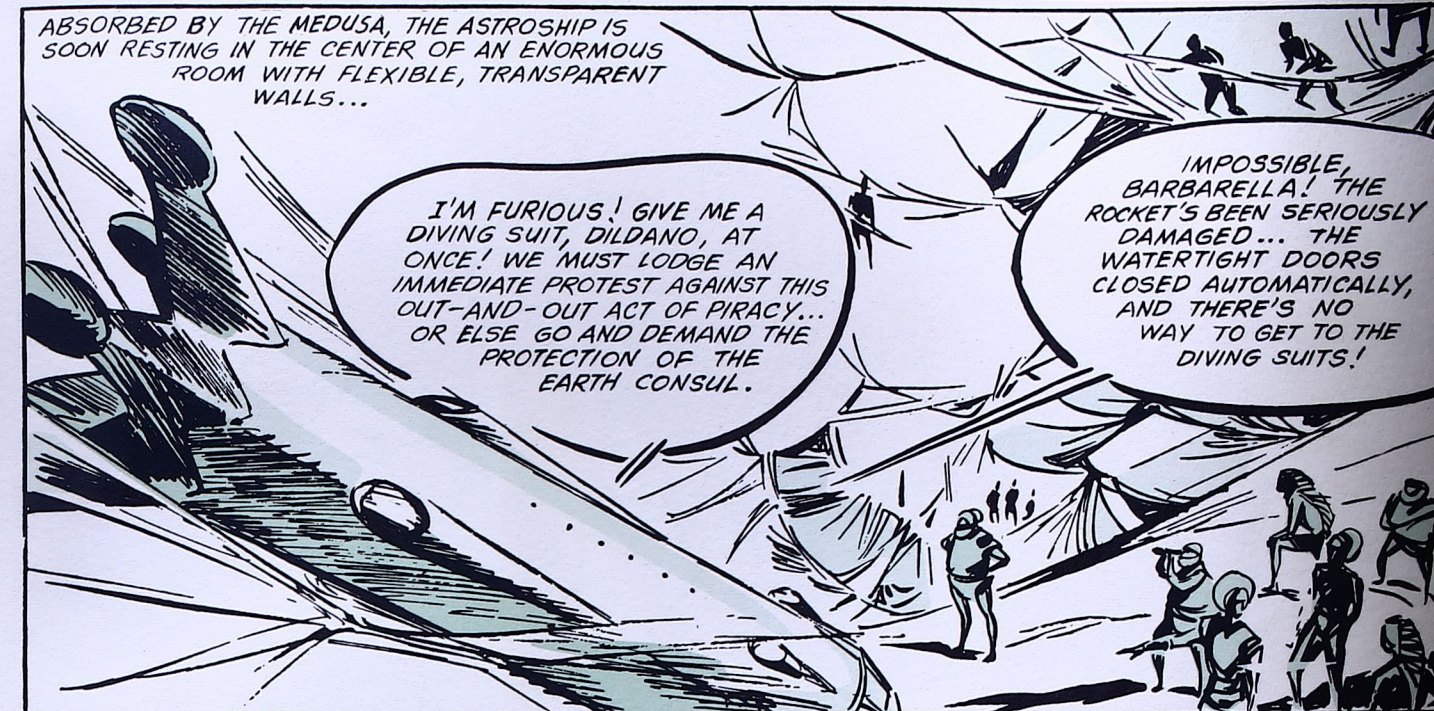
HURRY UP AND START THE REACTORS!



IT'S INCREDIBLE! THERE ARE...  
TOO LATE, THEY'RE DRAGGING US UNDER.

IT'S INCREDIBLE! THERE ARE...

ABSORBED BY THE MEDUSA, THE ASTROSHIP IS SOON RESTING IN THE CENTER OF AN ENORMOUS ROOM WITH FLEXIBLE, TRANSPARENT WALLS...



I'M FURIOUS! GIVE ME A DIVING SUIT, DILDANO, AT ONCE! WE MUST LODGE AN IMMEDIATE PROTEST AGAINST THIS OUT-AND-OUT ACT OF PIRACY... OR ELSE GO AND DEMAND THE PROTECTION OF THE EARTH CONSUL.

IMPOSSIBLE, BARBARELLA! THE ROCKET'S BEEN SERIOUSLY DAMAGED... THE WATERTIGHT DOORS CLOSED AUTOMATICALLY, AND THERE'S NO WAY TO GET TO THE DIVING SUITS!



THERE ARE MEN INSIDE THESE MONSTERS... IT LOOKS LIKE A CREW DECKED OUT FOR COMBAT!

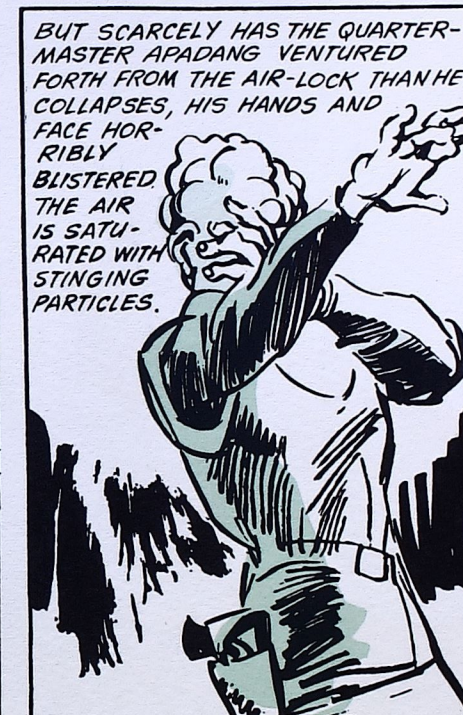


I HAVE A FEELING THESE PORTUGUESE MEN-OF-WAR ARE ACTUALLY PIRATE SHIPS... AND THAT OUR CAPTURE IS NO ACCIDENT!



IT DOESN'T MATTER. ACCORDING TO THE INDICATORS, THE WATER HAS GIVEN WAY TO STRONGLY IODIZED BUT NON-TOXIC AIR... I'M GOING OUT WITHOUT A DIVING SUIT!

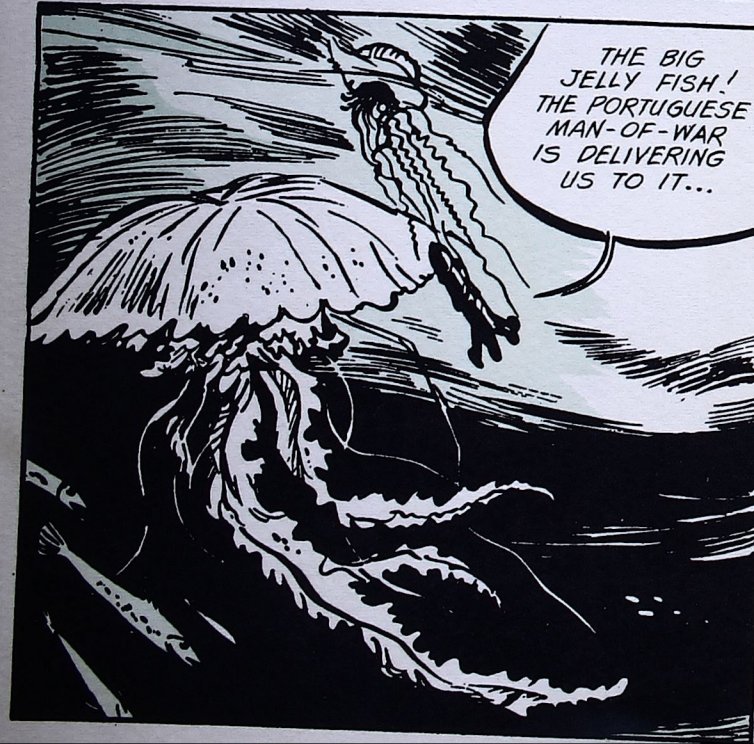
MISS, ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO GIVE IT A TRY.



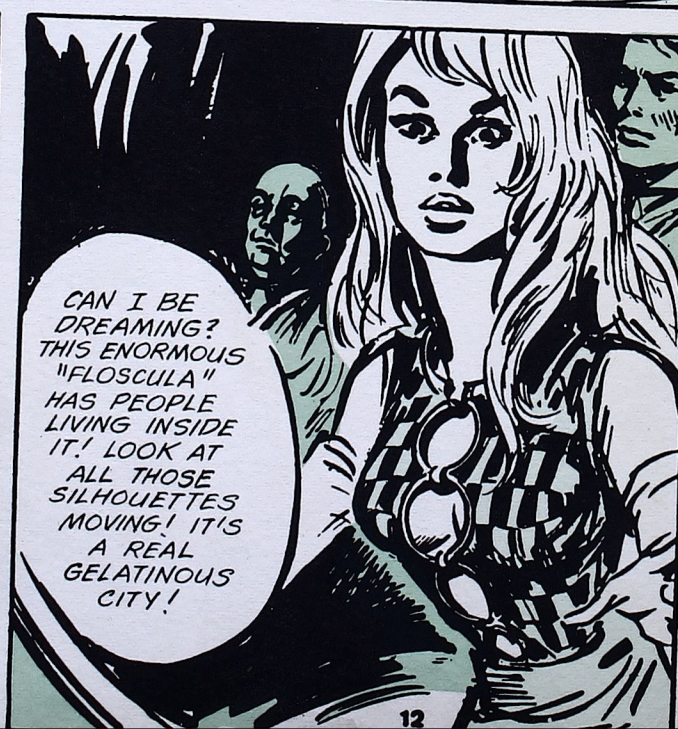
BUT SCARCELY HAS THE QUARTERMASTER APADANG VENTURED FORTH FROM THE AIR-LOCK THAN HE COLLAPSES, HIS HANDS AND FACE HORRIBLY BLISTERED. THE AIR IS SATURATED WITH STINGING PARTICLES.



THAT'S TERRIBLE, DILDANO! AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM... BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE PEOPLE DASHING UP... THEY'RE SIGNALLING TO US. I THINK THEY WANT TO COME INTO THE ROCKET...



THE BIG JELLY FISH! THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR IS DELIVERING US TO IT...



CAN I BE DREAMING? THIS ENORMOUS "FLOSCULA" HAS PEOPLE LIVING INSIDE IT! LOOK AT ALL THOSE SILHOUETTES MOVING! IT'S A REAL GELATINOUS CITY!



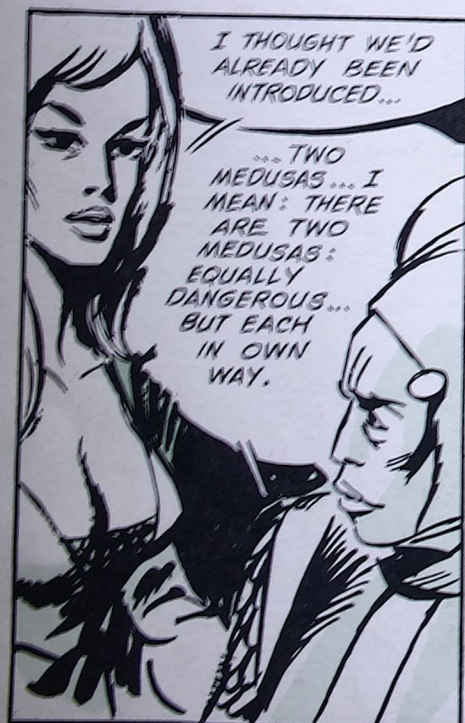
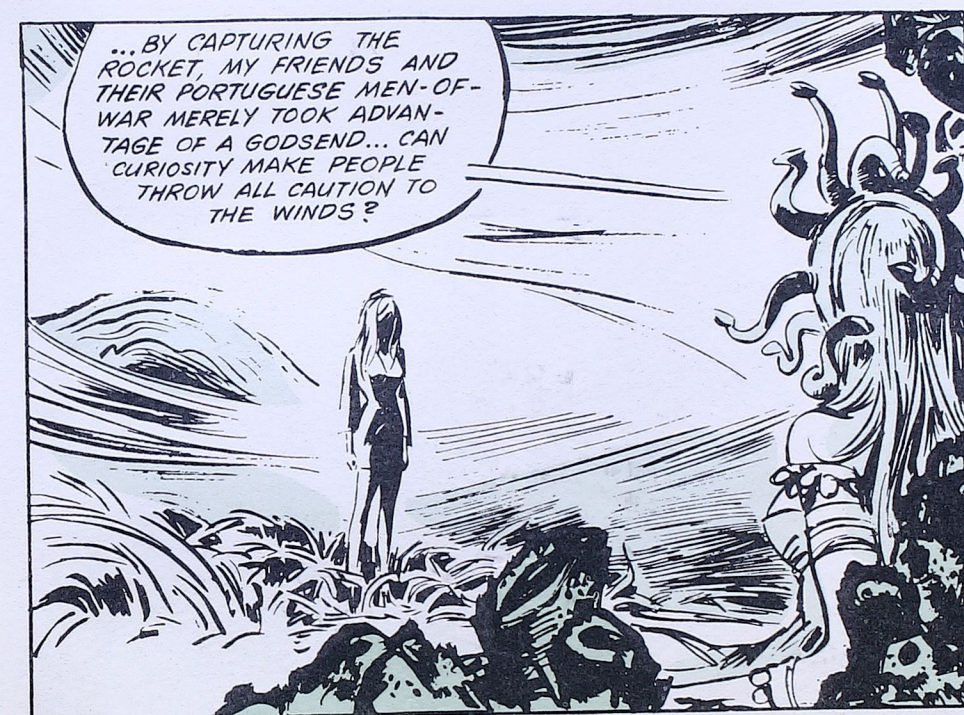
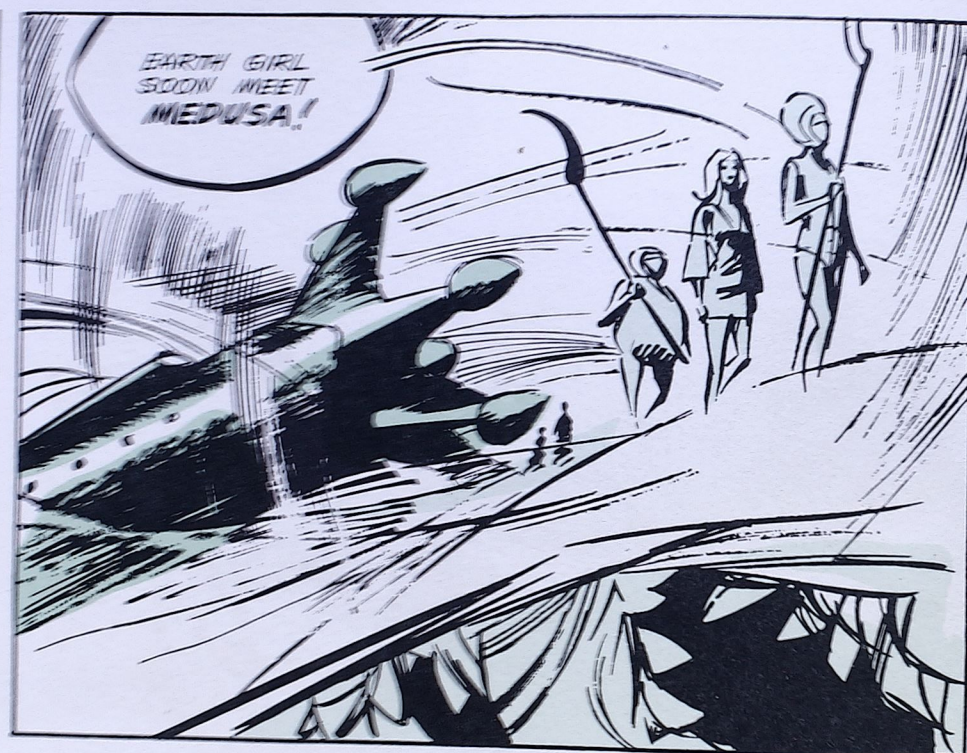
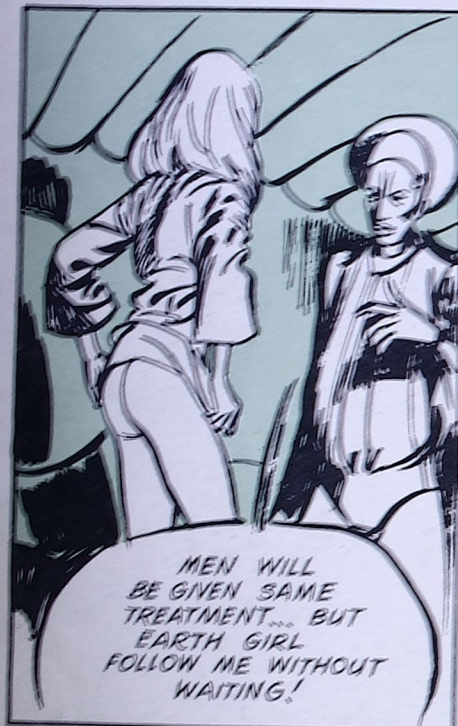
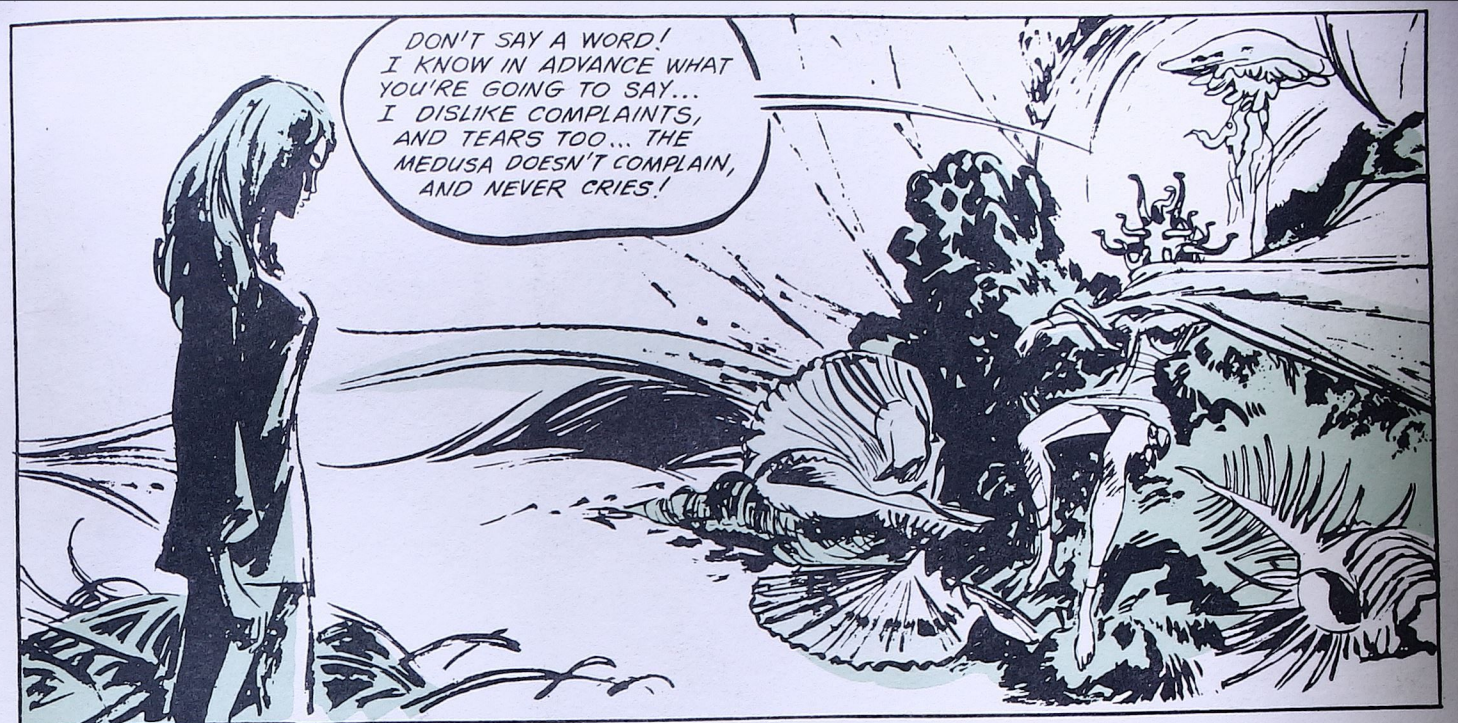
MY NAME: AKA-LEPH. EARTHIAN, DO YOU SPEAK GALACTIC ESPERANTO? YOU UNDERSTAND: EVERYONE TAKE OFF CLOTHES QUICK!

WHAT DO THESE FISHY-SMELLING BRUTES WANT? I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THEM IN...

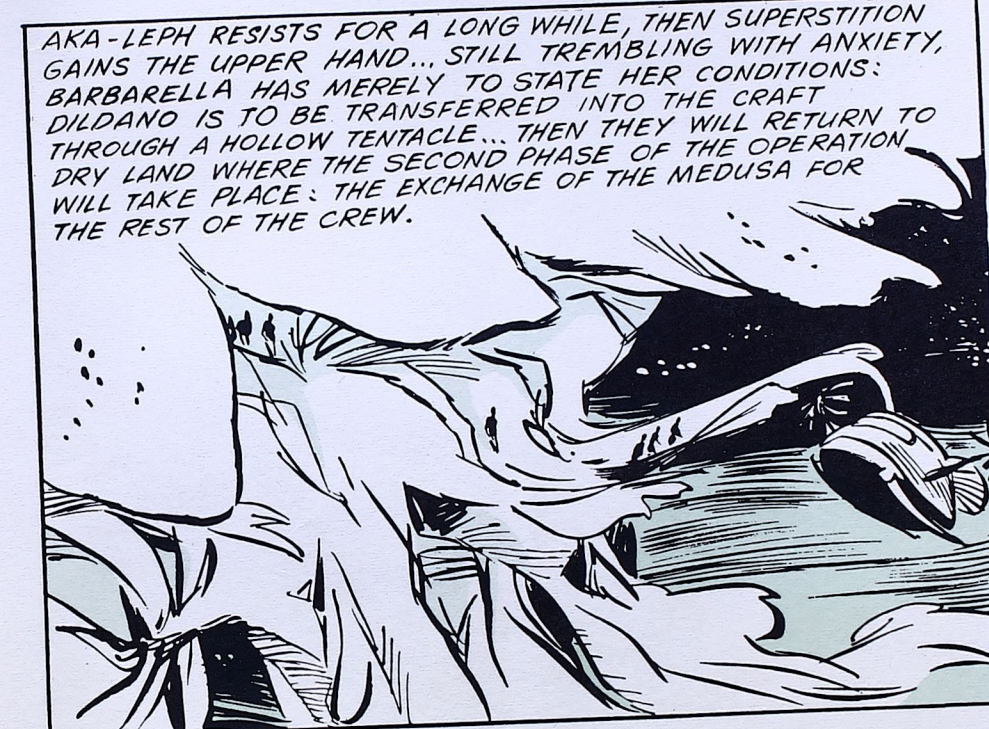
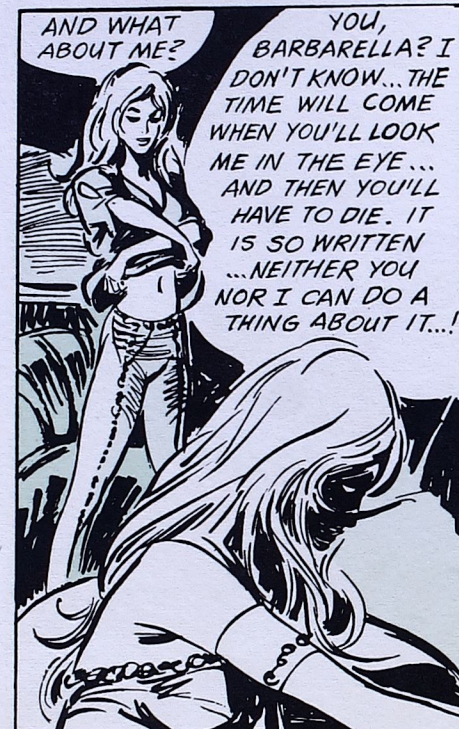
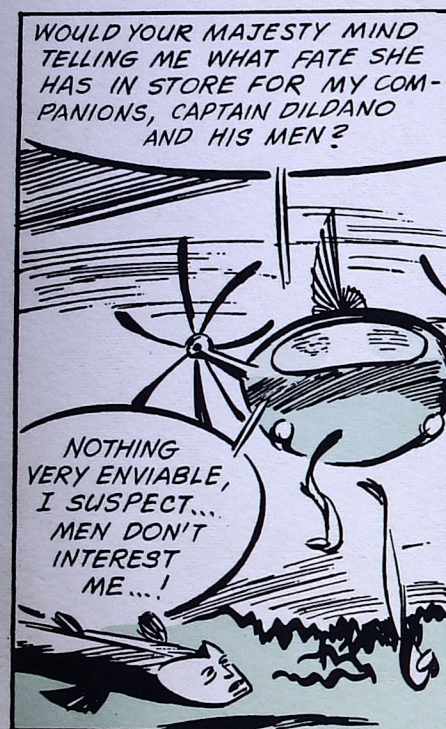
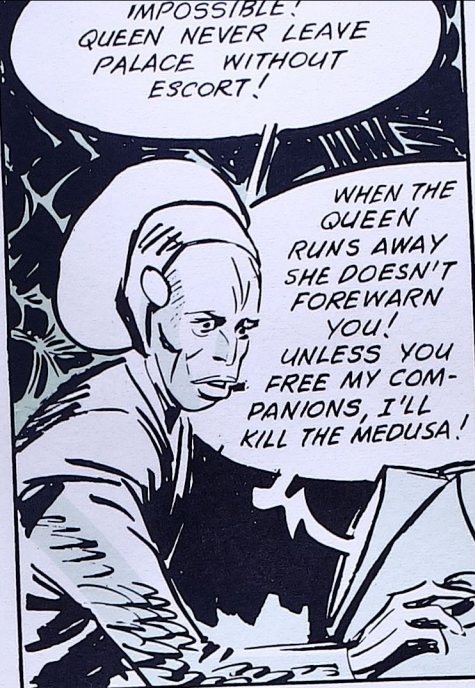
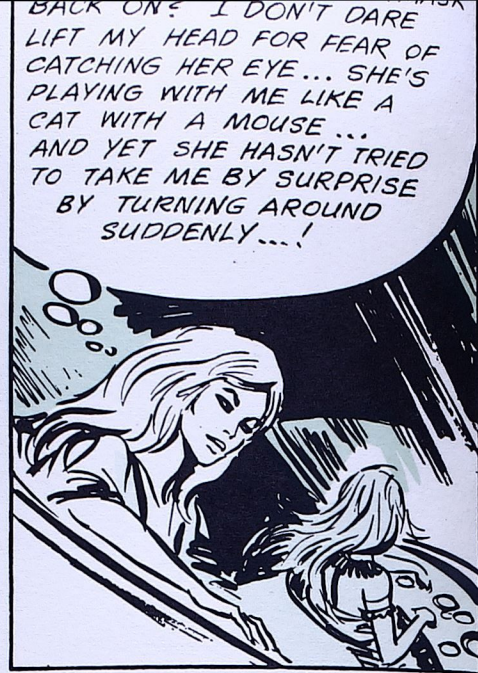
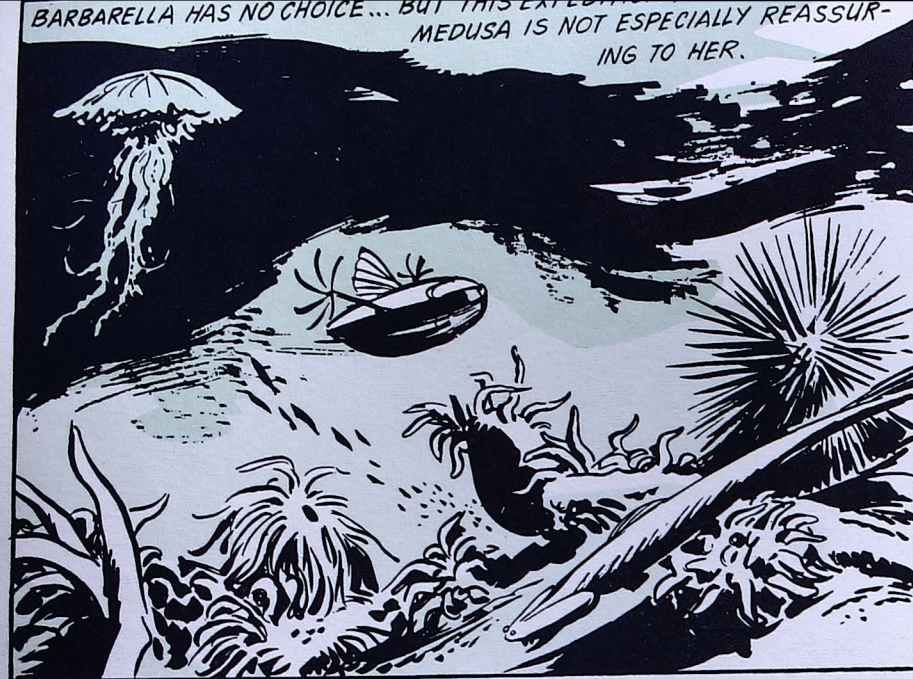


DON'T LET THEM PUSH US AROUND! BAH! I DON'T THINK THEY MEAN US ANY HARM... AND BESIDES, IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME AN OUTER-SPACE CREATURE HAS VIEWED MY NUDITY!

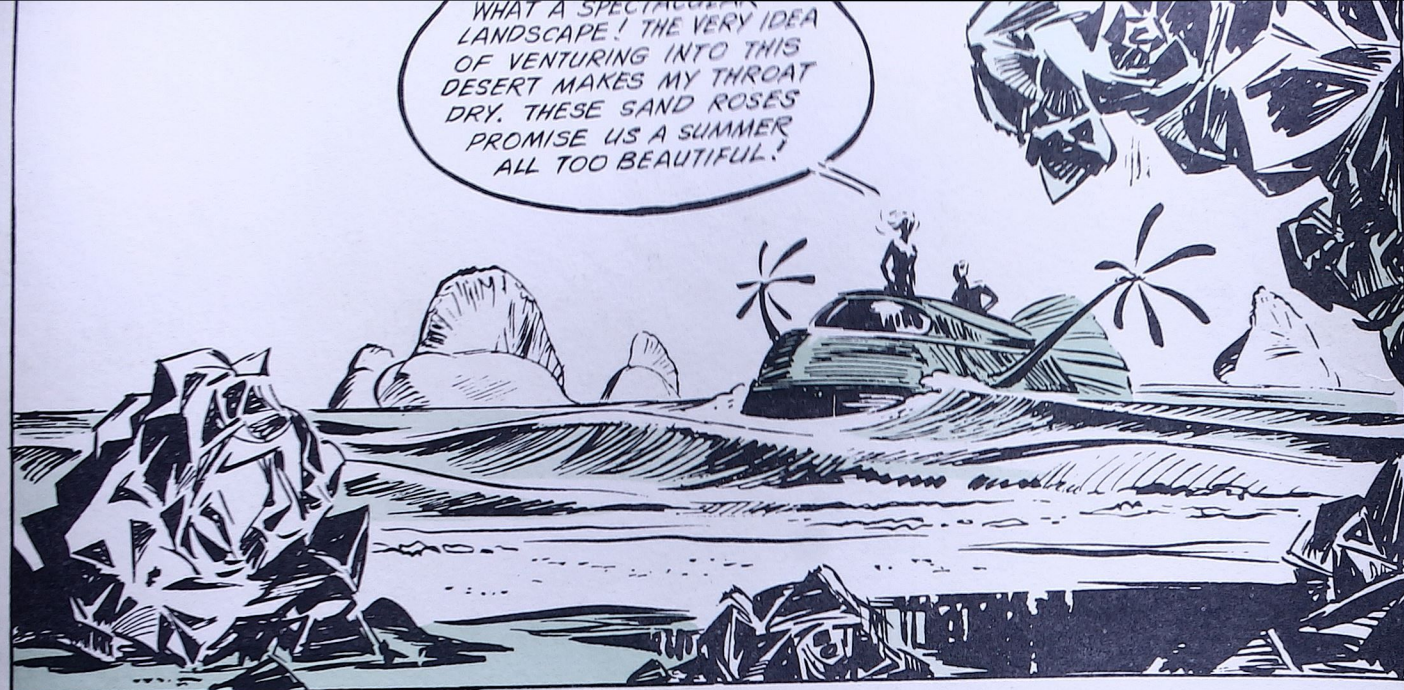




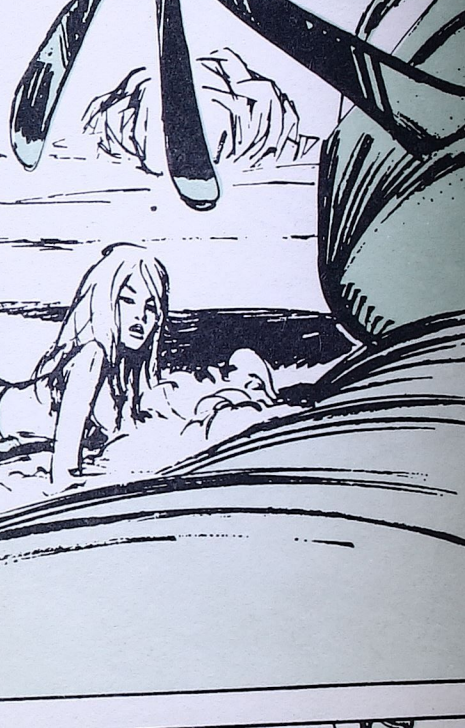
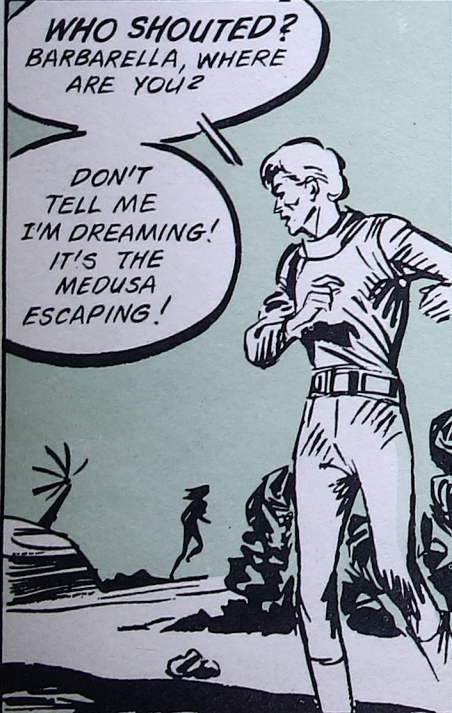








WHAT A SPECTACULAR LANDSCAPE! THE VERY IDEA OF VENTURING INTO THIS DESERT MAKES MY THROAT DRY. THESE SAND ROSES PROMISE US A SUMMER ALL TOO BEAUTIFUL!





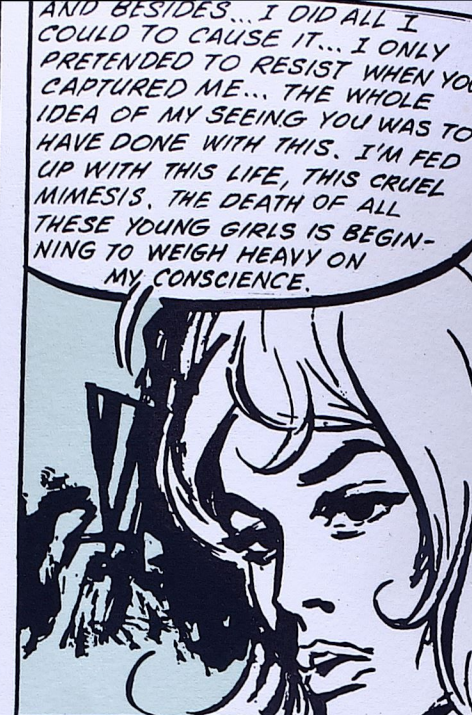


MY SUBJECTS  
DO NOT  
ALLOW THEM  
TO LIVE WITH MY  
FACE... SO YOU  
SEE, I  
REALLY AM  
A MONSTER!

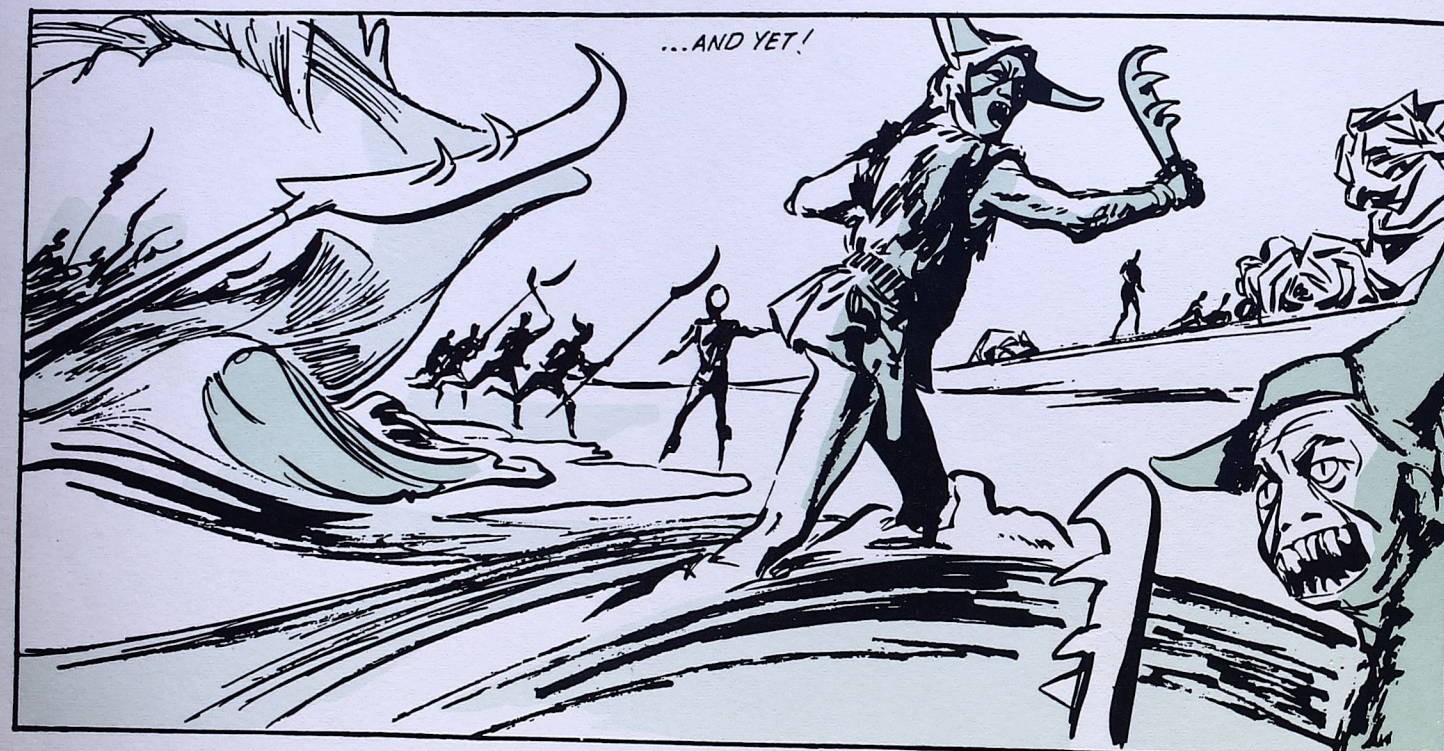
AND NOW,  
IS IT  
YOUR TURN  
TO  
DIE?



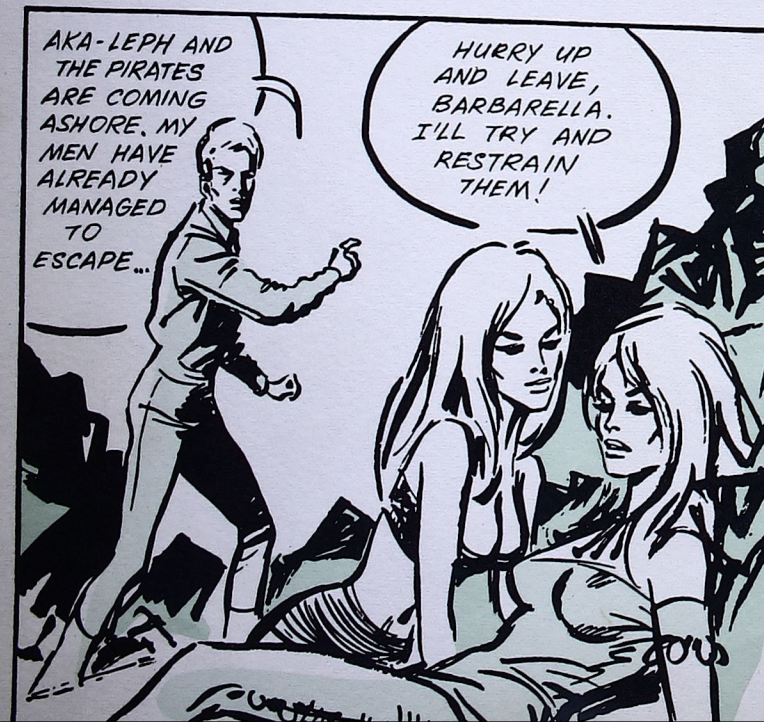
I DON'T KNOW. I FEEL  
VERY STRANGE... AND THE  
MEDUSA CAN HAVE  
AN "ACCIDENT"...



AND BESIDES... I DID ALL I  
COULD TO CAUSE IT... I ONLY  
PRETENDED TO RESIST WHEN YOU  
CAPTURED ME... THE WHOLE  
IDEA OF MY SEEING YOU WAS TO  
HAVE DONE WITH THIS. I'M FED  
UP WITH THIS LIFE, THIS CRUEL  
MIMESIS. THE DEATH OF ALL  
THESE YOUNG GIRLS IS BEGIN-  
NING TO WEIGH HEAVY ON  
MY CONSCIENCE.



...AND YET!



AKA-LEPH AND  
THE PIRATES  
ARE COMING  
ASHORE. MY  
MEN HAVE  
ALREADY  
MANAGED  
TO  
ESCAPE...

HURRY UP  
AND LEAVE,  
BARBARELLA.  
I'LL TRY AND  
RESTRAIN  
THEM!



AND IF I HAVE TO DIE, I'LL  
BE HAPPY, EARTH GIRL, HAPPY  
THAT IT WILL BE WITH YOUR  
FACE...

20







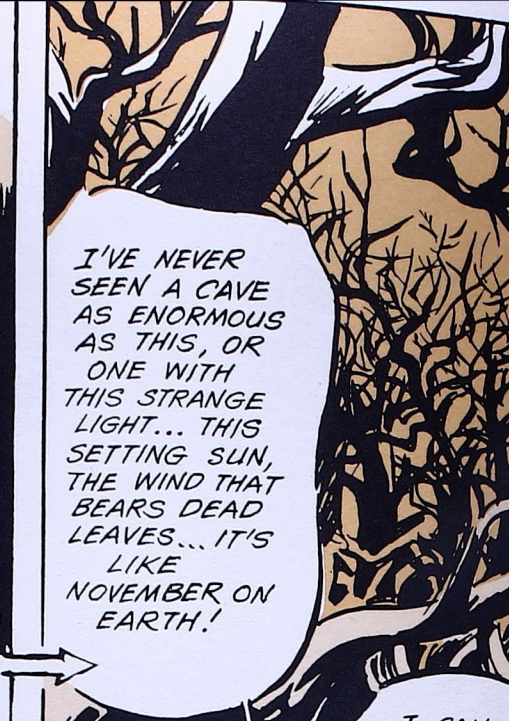


THERE ARE SOME OTHERS OVER HERE. THEY MUST COME FROM SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND FOREST.

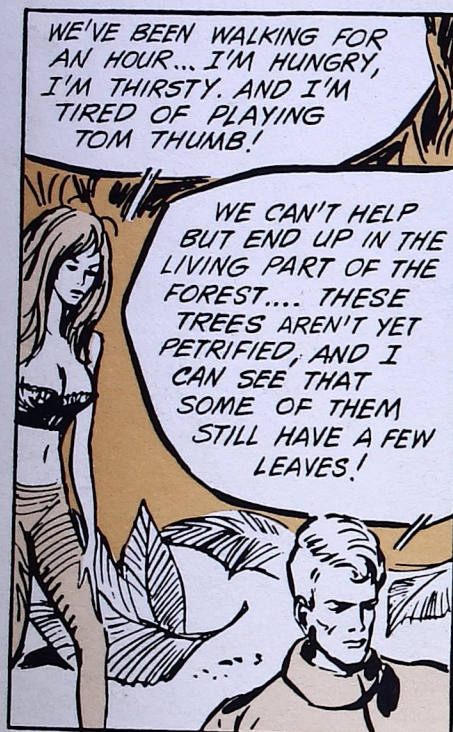
THEY'LL MAKE EXCELLENT TORCHES!



LOOK! A REDDISH GLOW AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL!

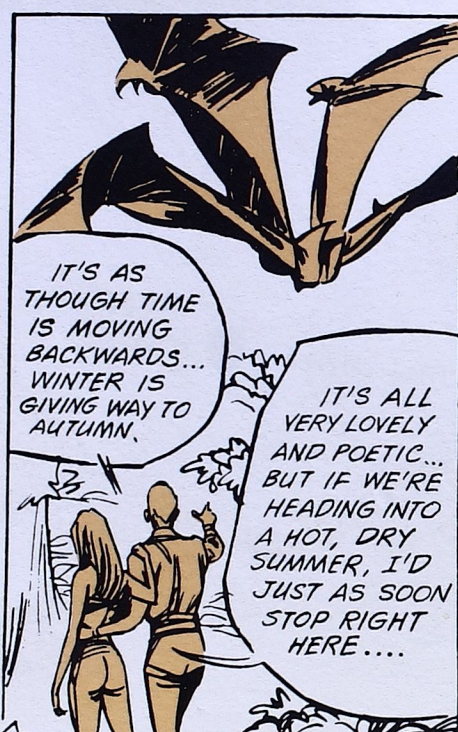


I'VE NEVER SEEN A CAVE AS ENORMOUS AS THIS, OR ONE WITH THIS STRANGE LIGHT... THIS SETTING SUN, THE WIND THAT BEARS DEAD LEAVES... IT'S LIKE NOVEMBER ON EARTH!



WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR AN HOUR... I'M HUNGRY, I'M THIRSTY. AND I'M TIRED OF PLAYING TOM THUMB!

WE CAN'T HELP BUT END UP IN THE LIVING PART OF THE FOREST.... THESE TREES AREN'T YET PETRIFIED, AND I CAN SEE THAT SOME OF THEM STILL HAVE A FEW LEAVES!



IT'S AS THOUGH TIME IS MOVING BACKWARDS... WINTER IS GIVING WAY TO AUTUMN.

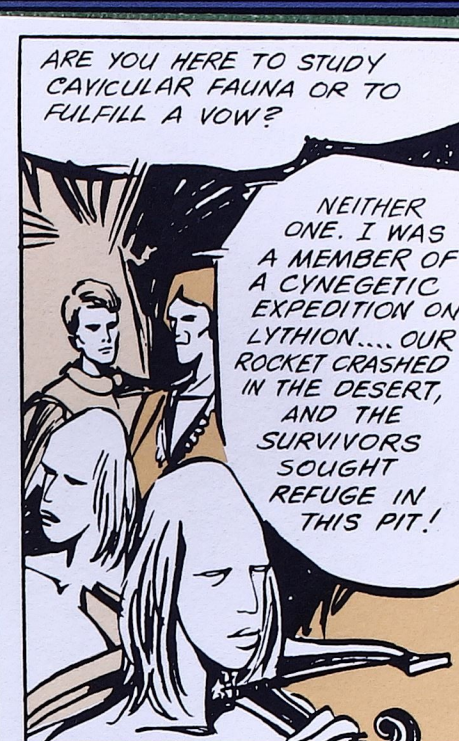
IT'S ALL VERY LOVELY AND POETIC... BUT IF WE'RE HEADING INTO A HOT, DRY SUMMER, I'D JUST AS SOON STOP RIGHT HERE....



I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING, THE LEAVES DON'T GROW ON THESE TREES. THEY'RE PETRIFIED, DOWN TO THE TINIEST TWIGS!



HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO YOU... MY NAME IS HALLINGER... THESE ARE MY FRIENDS THE OLOPIADES... THEY ARE RENOWNED ARCHERS.



ARE YOU HERE TO STUDY CAVICULAR FAUNA OR TO FULFILL A VOW?

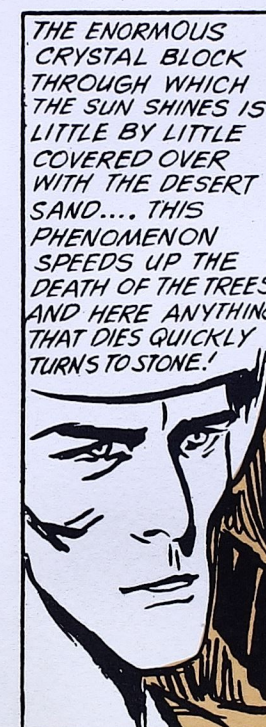
NEITHER ONE. I WAS A MEMBER OF A CYNEGETIC EXPEDITION ON LYTHION.... OUR ROCKET CRASHED IN THE DESERT, AND THE SURVIVORS SOUGHT REFUGE IN THIS PIT!



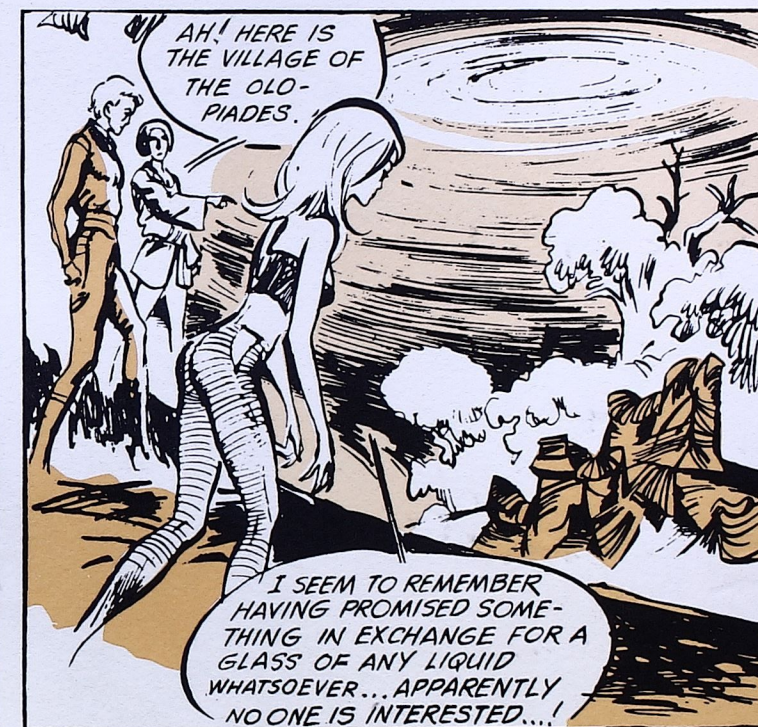
IT'S QUITE AN EXTRAORDINARY PLACE! THIS CONSTANTLY SETTING SUN... THESE PETRIFIED TREES, THIS SINISTER AUTUMN!

TALK, TALK, TALK!

YOU'RE RIGHT... THE LEAVES OPEN YELLOW... PROBABLY BECAUSE OF SOME PARTICULAR QUALITY OF THE LIGHT....



THE ENORMOUS CRYSTAL BLOCK THROUGH WHICH THE SUN SHINES IS LITTLE BY LITTLE COVERED OVER WITH THE DESERT SAND.... THIS PHENOMENON SPEEDS UP THE DEATH OF THE TREES, AND HERE ANYTHING THAT DIES QUICKLY TURNS TO STONE!



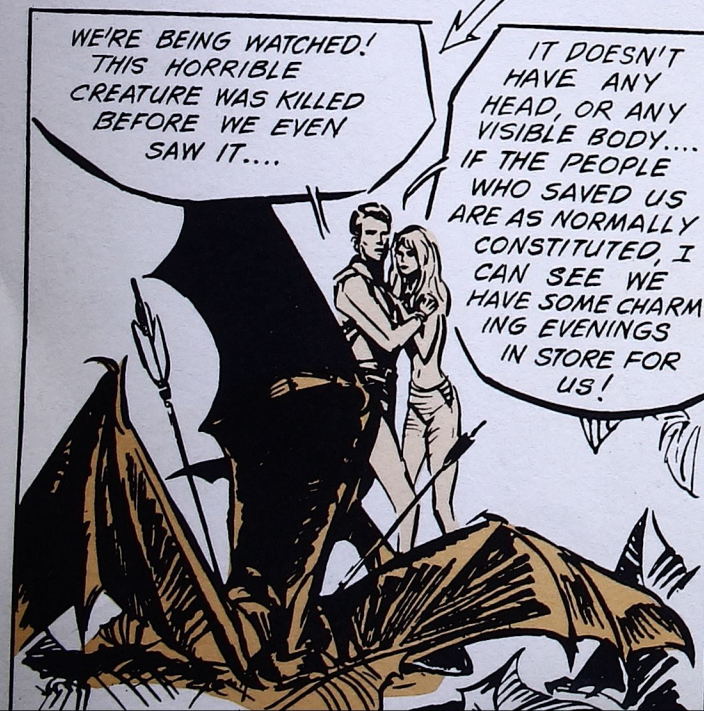
AH! HERE IS THE VILLAGE OF THE OLOPIADES.

I SEEM TO REMEMBER HAVING PROMISED SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE FOR A GLASS OF ANY LIQUID WHATSOEVER... APPARENTLY NO ONE IS INTERESTED....



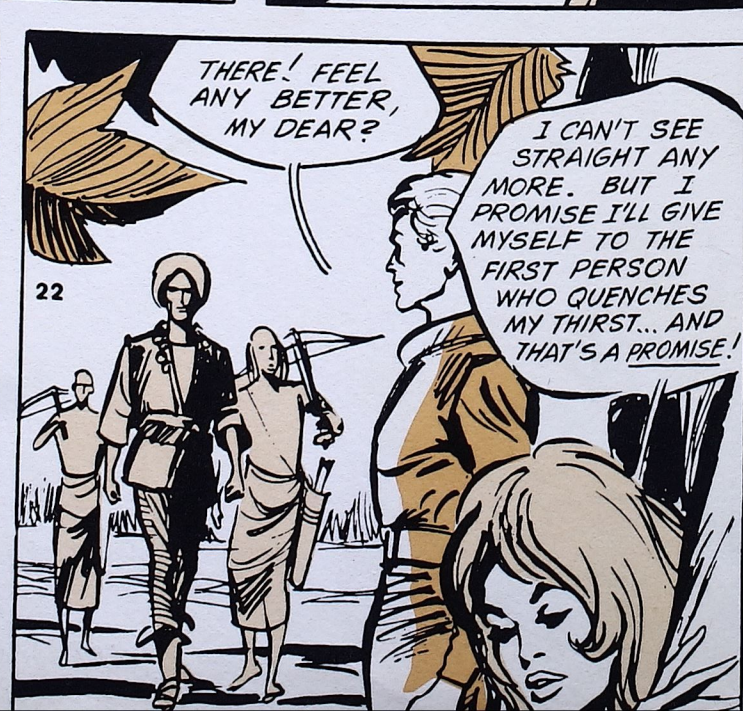
ARE YOU THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THAT HUNTING EXPEDITION?

AAAH!



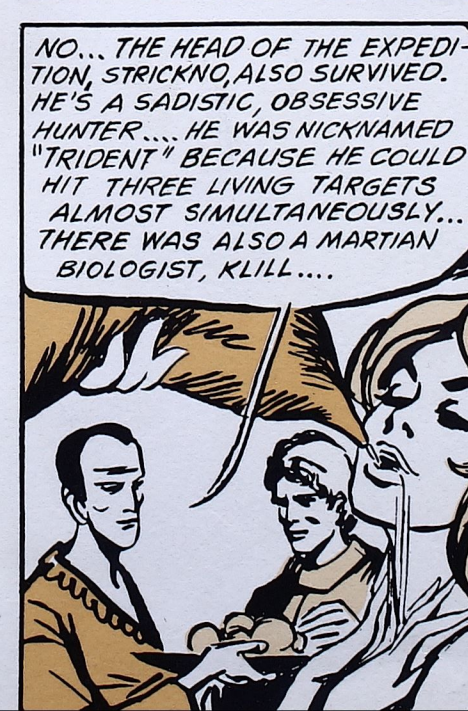
WE'RE BEING WATCHED! THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE WAS KILLED BEFORE WE EVEN SAW IT....

IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY HEAD, OR ANY VISIBLE BODY.... IF THE PEOPLE WHO SAVED US ARE AS NORMALLY CONSTITUTED, I CAN SEE WE HAVE SOME CHARMING EVENINGS IN STORE FOR US!



THERE! FEEL ANY BETTER, MY DEAR?

I CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT ANY MORE. BUT I PROMISE I'LL GIVE MYSELF TO THE FIRST PERSON WHO QUENCHES MY THIRST... AND THAT'S A PROMISE!

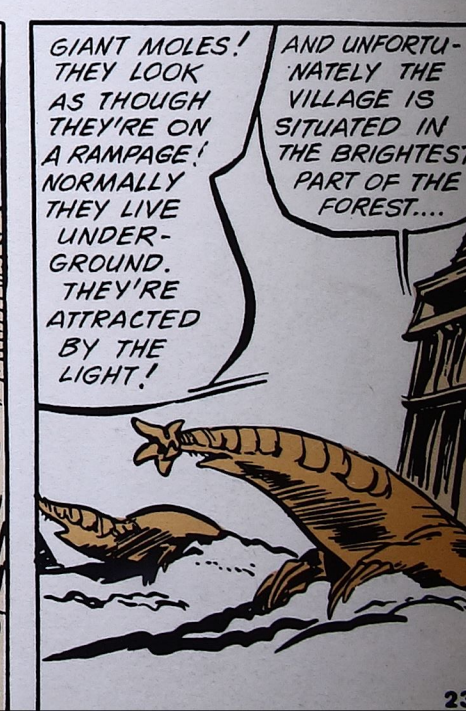


NO... THE HEAD OF THE EXPEDITION, STRICKNO, ALSO SURVIVED. HE'S A SADISTIC, OBSESSIVE HUNTER.... HE WAS NICKNAMED "TRIDENT" BECAUSE HE COULD HIT THREE LIVING TARGETS ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY.... THERE WAS ALSO A MARTIAN BIOLOGIST, KILL....



THEY LIVE IN THE PETRIFIED SECTION OF THE FOREST. I HAVE VERY LITTLE CONTACT WITH THEM!

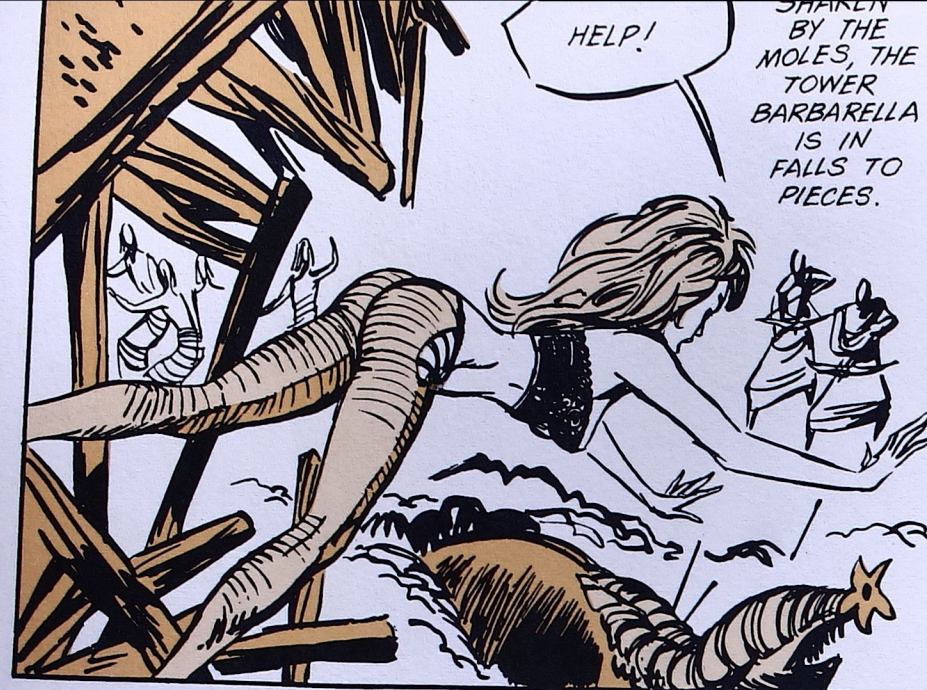
WHAT'S GOING ON? LISTEN TO THOSE SCREAMS... AND THE HOUSE IS SHAKING!



GIANT MOLES! THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'RE ON A RAMPAGE! NORMALLY THEY LIVE UNDERGROUND. THEY'RE ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHT!

AND UNFORTUNATELY THE VILLAGE IS SITUATED IN THE BRIGHTEST PART OF THE FOREST....





HELP!

SHAKEN BY THE MOLES, THE TOWER BARBARELLA IS IN FALLS TO PIECES.



TO BE ON THE BACK OF THIS MOLE THAN BENEATH HIS CLAWS.... BUT IF I EVER LOSE MY GRIP, BYE-BYE BARBARELLA!

WHAT'S MORE, KLILL ENJOYS HIS WORK. HERE BOTH THE FLORA AND THE FAUNA LEND THEMSELVES ADMIRABLY TO MUTATIONS.



ACCURSED STRICKNO, UNFORTUNATE OLOPIADES, BOTH VICTIMS OF A HUNTER'S FANTASIES! BARBARELLA'S GENEROUS HEART CANNOT BEAR THIS INJUSTICE.... A MESSENGER ARRIVES FROM THE "TRIDENT": THE HUNTER INVITES BARBARELLA TO COME AND CHOOSE FROM AMONG THE FURS IN HIS COLLECTION SOMETHING WORTHY TO REPLACE THE CLOTHES RUINED IN HER MISHAP WITH THE GIANT MOLES....

DON'T GO!... HE'S A VICIOUS BRUTE!

I THINK HE'S GIVEN US A CHANCE TO SET A TRAP FOR HIM... LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT! NOW, HERE IS MY PLAN....



LATER...

WHAT A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, MY CHILD!

HOW COULD I FOREGO THE PLEASURE OF ADMIRING YOUR TROPHIES... YOU MUST HAVE AN EXQUISITE COLLECTION!



MR. STRICKNO, I PRESUME YOU SAVED MY LIFE.

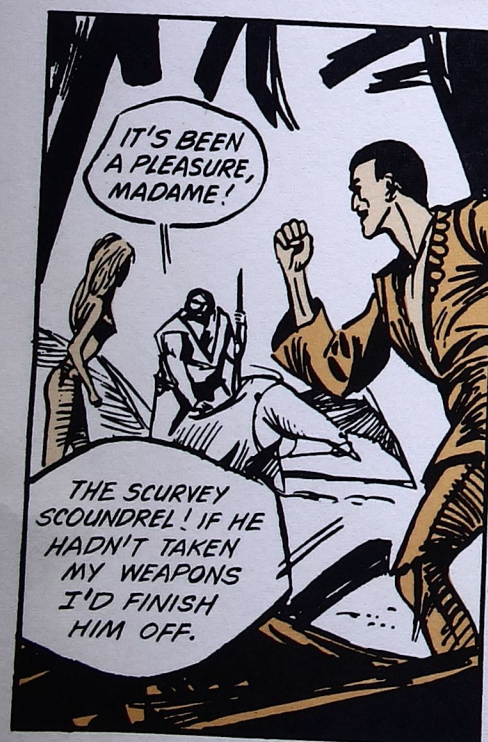
AH HA! I SUPPOSE I DID, MY DEAR LADY. I SUPPOSE I DID... ANYHOW, NEVER FEAR THESE HORRID MONSTERS AGAIN... WHEREVER THEY ARE, "TRIDENT" IS CLOSE BEHIND...



EXQUISITE! HA! WHAT A CHARMING CHILD YOU ARE! MY COLLECTION IS UNIQUE!

DON'T BE SHY... TAKE YOUR PICK! HERE YOU HAVE PELTS FROM THE BACK OF THE STIULE, THE PAW OF THE BURROWER, THE MANE OF THE MAHAMON....

I'D NEVER DARE EXCHANGE MY RAGS FOR THESE MARVELLOUS FURS!



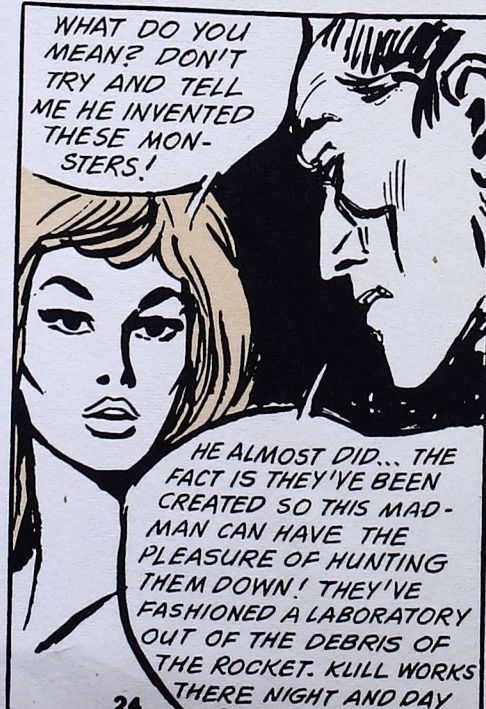
IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE, MADAME!

THE SCURVEY SCOUNDREL! IF HE HADN'T TAKEN MY WEAPONS I'D FINISH HIM OFF.



HE SAVED MY LIFE!

IN ACTUAL FACT HE DIDN'T... YOU WERE ALMOST THE VICTIM OF HIS SINISTER MACHINATIONS!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DON'T TRY AND TELL ME HE INVENTED THESE MONSTERS!

HE ALMOST DID... THE FACT IS THEY'VE BEEN CREATED SO THIS MAD-MAN CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HUNTING THEM DOWN! THEY'VE FASHIONED A LABORATORY OUT OF THE DEBRIS OF THE ROCKET. KLILL WORKS THERE NIGHT AND DAY



BUT IF I MUST CHOOSE, MY PREFERENCE GOES TO THE MURMELINE'S TAIL.

NOW I SHALL REVEAL TO YOU THE SECRETS OF MANUFACTURE...

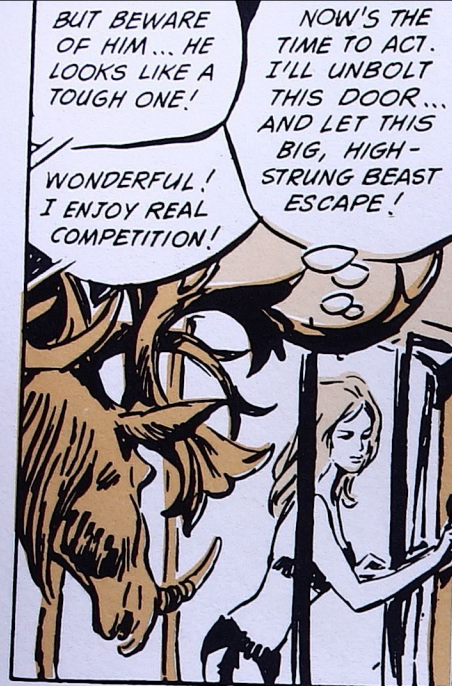


HERE IS THE DEN OF THE DEVIL! MY FRIEND KLILL'S LABORATORY!



THE SYNOTHERUS IS FULL GROWN, STRICKNO... HE'S ALL YOURS!





BUT BEWARE OF HIM... HE LOOKS LIKE A TOUGH ONE!

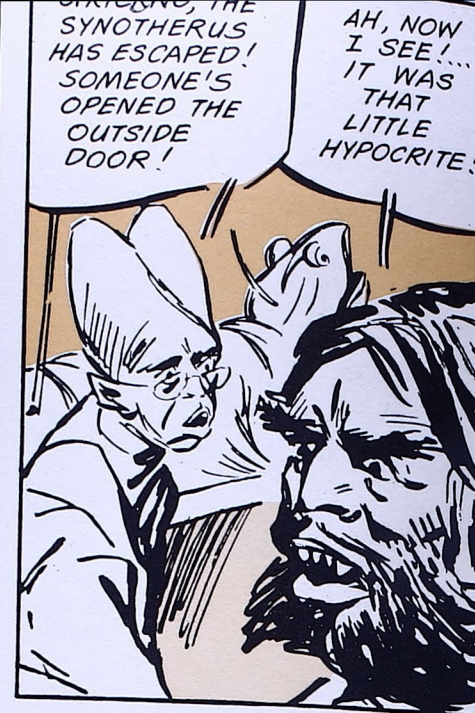
WONDERFUL! I ENJOY REAL COMPETITION!

NOW'S THE TIME TO ACT. I'LL UNBOLT THIS DOOR... AND LET THIS BIG, HIGH-STRUNG BEAST ESCAPE!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY DEAR?

EXCUSE ME... BUT THE MONSTER SMELL IS MAKING ME ILL!



GRIEFSNO, THE SYNOTHERUS HAS ESCAPED! SOMEONE'S OPENED THE OUTSIDE DOOR!

AH, NOW I SEE! IT WAS THAT LITTLE HYPOCRITE!



THE DEFLAGRATOR WAS MY ONLY FIREARM... AH, BUT EVEN IF I HAVE TO RESORT TO A HUNTING SPEAR, I'LL IMPALE THAT ANIMAL YET!



DILDANO! DILDANO! ARE YOU HURT VERY BADLY?

I... I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS ADVENTURE WITHOUT ME!



SHE'LL GAIN NOTHING BY IT! IF THE STAG GETS AWAY FROM ME, I'LL EXTERMINATE THE OLOPIADES LIKE A LITTER OF COMMON RABBITS!



WHERE IS MY DEFLAGRATOR GUN?

HERE IT IS, STRICKNO!

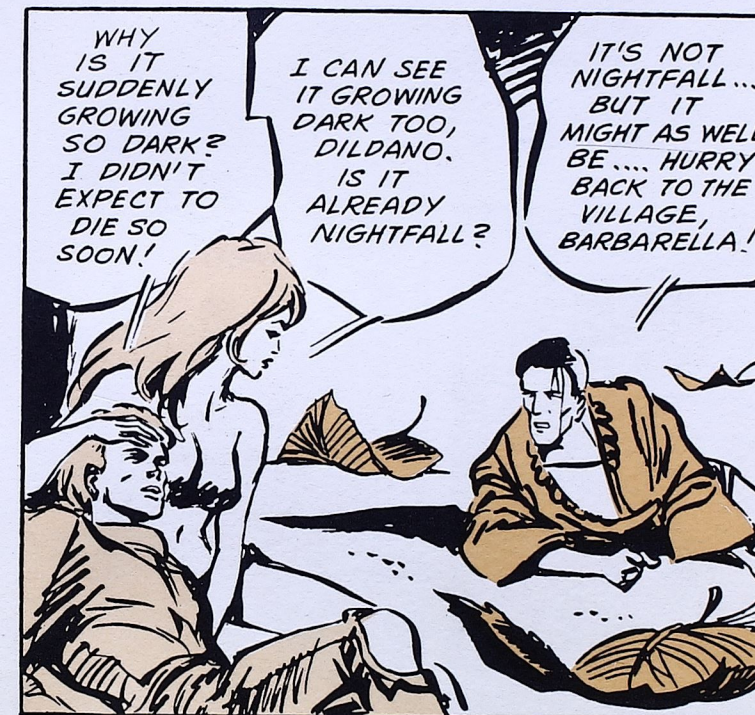


FOLLOW ME QUIETLY... MY FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE. WE'VE PLANNED A LITTLE PARTY.

I HOPE THEY'RE THERE!



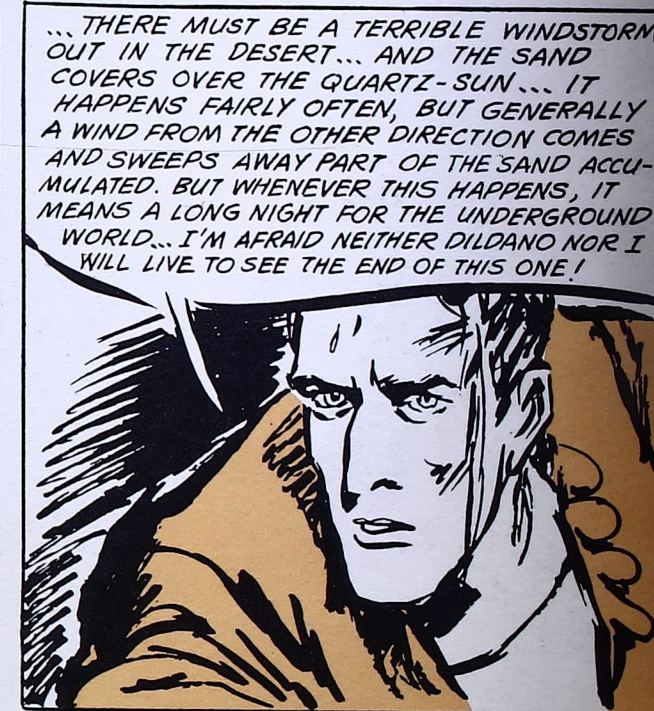
WENCH!



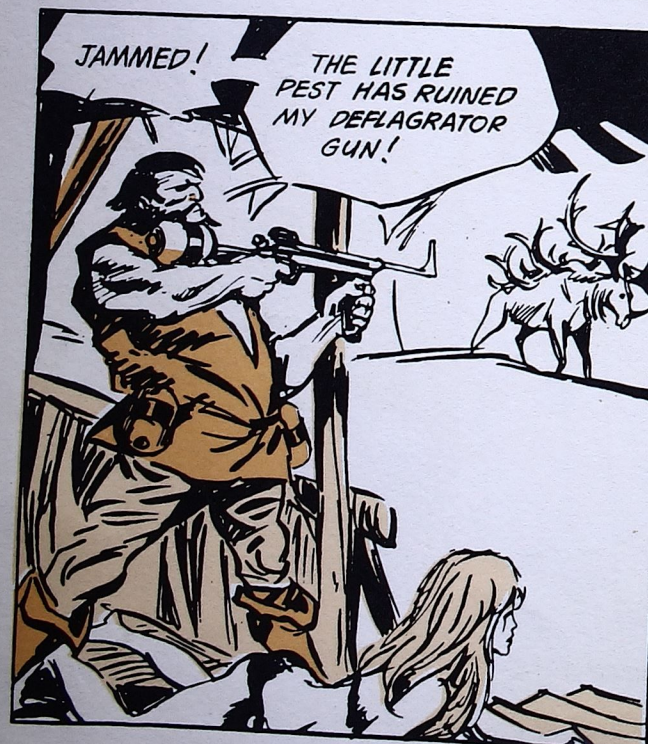
WHY IS IT SUDDENLY GROWING SO DARK? I DIDN'T EXPECT TO DIE SO SOON!

I CAN SEE IT GROWING DARK TOO, DILDANO. IS IT ALREADY NIGHTFALL?

IT'S NOT NIGHTFALL... BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL BE... HURRY BACK TO THE VILLAGE, BARBARELLA!

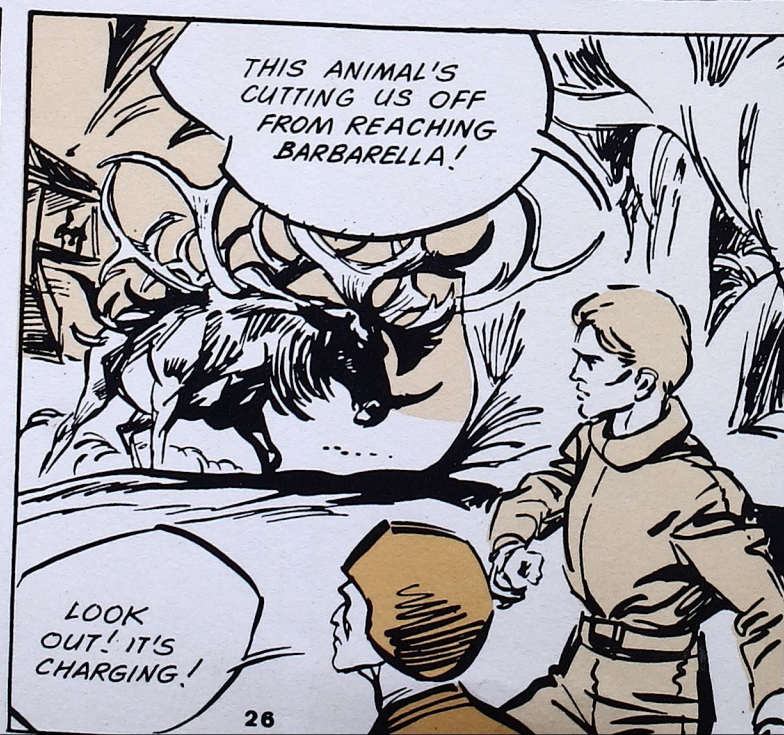


...THERE MUST BE A TERRIBLE WINDSTORM OUT IN THE DESERT... AND THE SAND COVERS OVER THE QUARTZ-SUN... IT HAPPENS FAIRLY OFTEN, BUT GENERALLY A WIND FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION COMES AND SWEEPS AWAY PART OF THE SAND ACCUMULATED. BUT WHENEVER THIS HAPPENS, IT MEANS A LONG NIGHT FOR THE UNDERGROUND WORLD... I'M AFRAID NEITHER DILDANO NOR I WILL LIVE TO SEE THE END OF THIS ONE!



JAMMED!

THE LITTLE PEST HAS RUINED MY DEFLAGRATOR GUN!



THIS ANIMAL'S CUTTING US OFF FROM REACHING BARBARELLA!

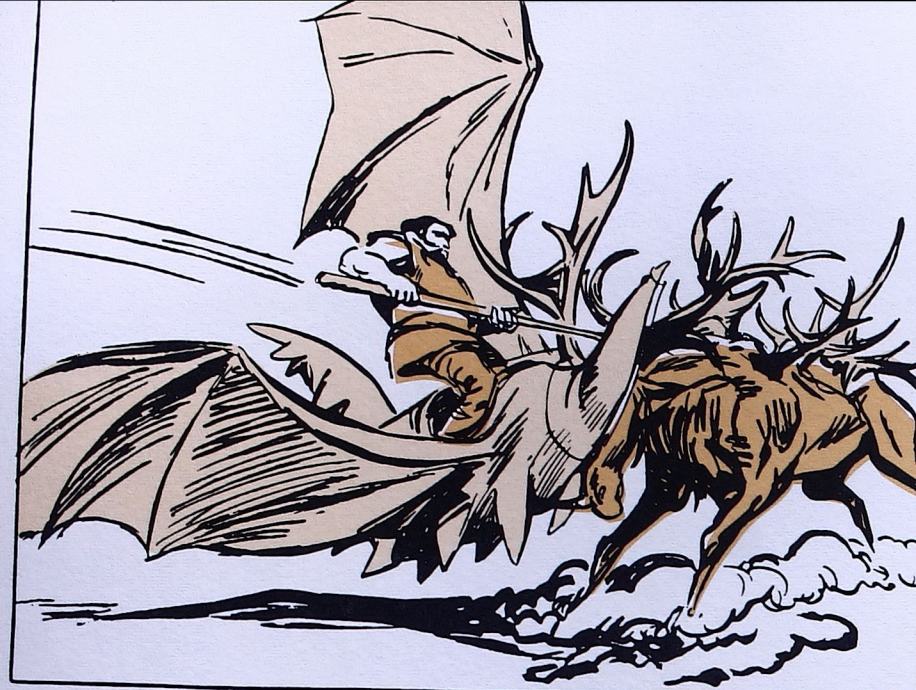
LOOK OUT! IT'S CHARGING!



LOOK! THIS MADMAN IS TRYING TO BATTLE THE STAG WITH A HUNTING SPEAR!







STRICKNO'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE STAG! THE ROLES ARE REVERSED!



RUN, BARBARELLA, THEY MAY COME BACK... IT'S ALL UP WITH US!

NO, I'M GOING TO CALL THE OLOPIADES... THE OBJECTS OF THEIR TERROR HAVE DISAPPEARED, THEY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MUSTER ENOUGH COURAGE TO COME AND HELP US...

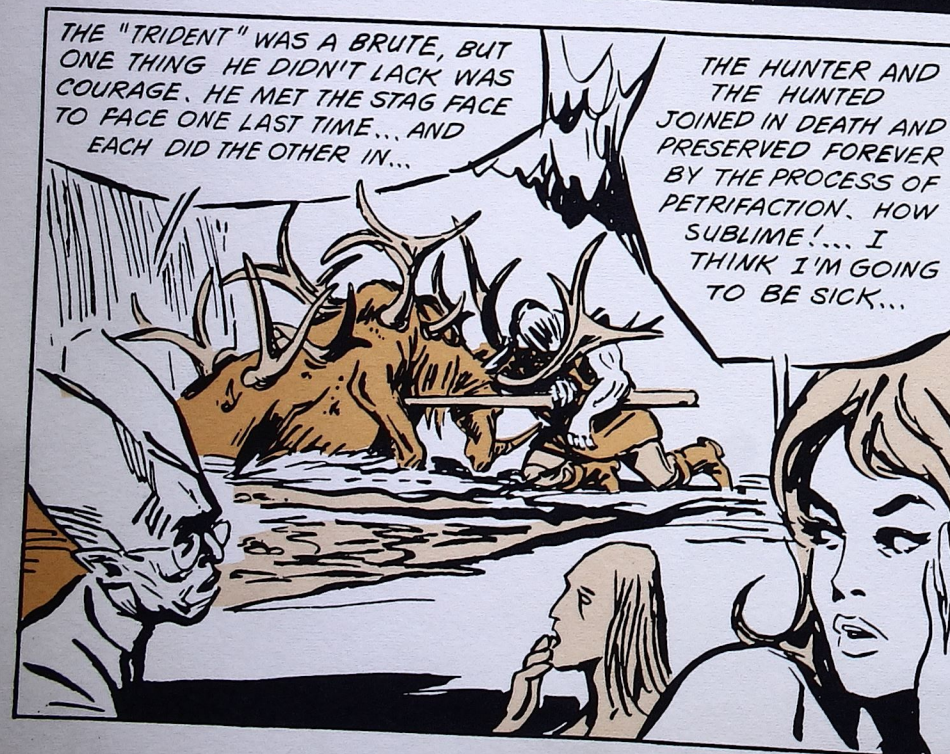


BEARING THE WOUNDED ON STRETCHERS, BARBARELLA AND THE OLOPIADES RETURN TO THE VILLAGE... KLILL, WEARY OF HIS MASTER'S SADISM, GOES ALONG WITH THEM...



AT DAWN...

I'LL BET THEY'VE FOUND STRICKNO... THEY'RE TREMBLING LIKE LEAVES...



THE "TRIDENT" WAS A BRUTE, BUT ONE THING HE DIDN'T LACK WAS COURAGE. HE MET THE STAG FACE TO FACE ONE LAST TIME... AND EACH DID THE OTHER IN...

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED JOINED IN DEATH AND PRESERVED FOREVER BY THE PROCESS OF PETRIFICATION. HOW SUBLIME!... I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...

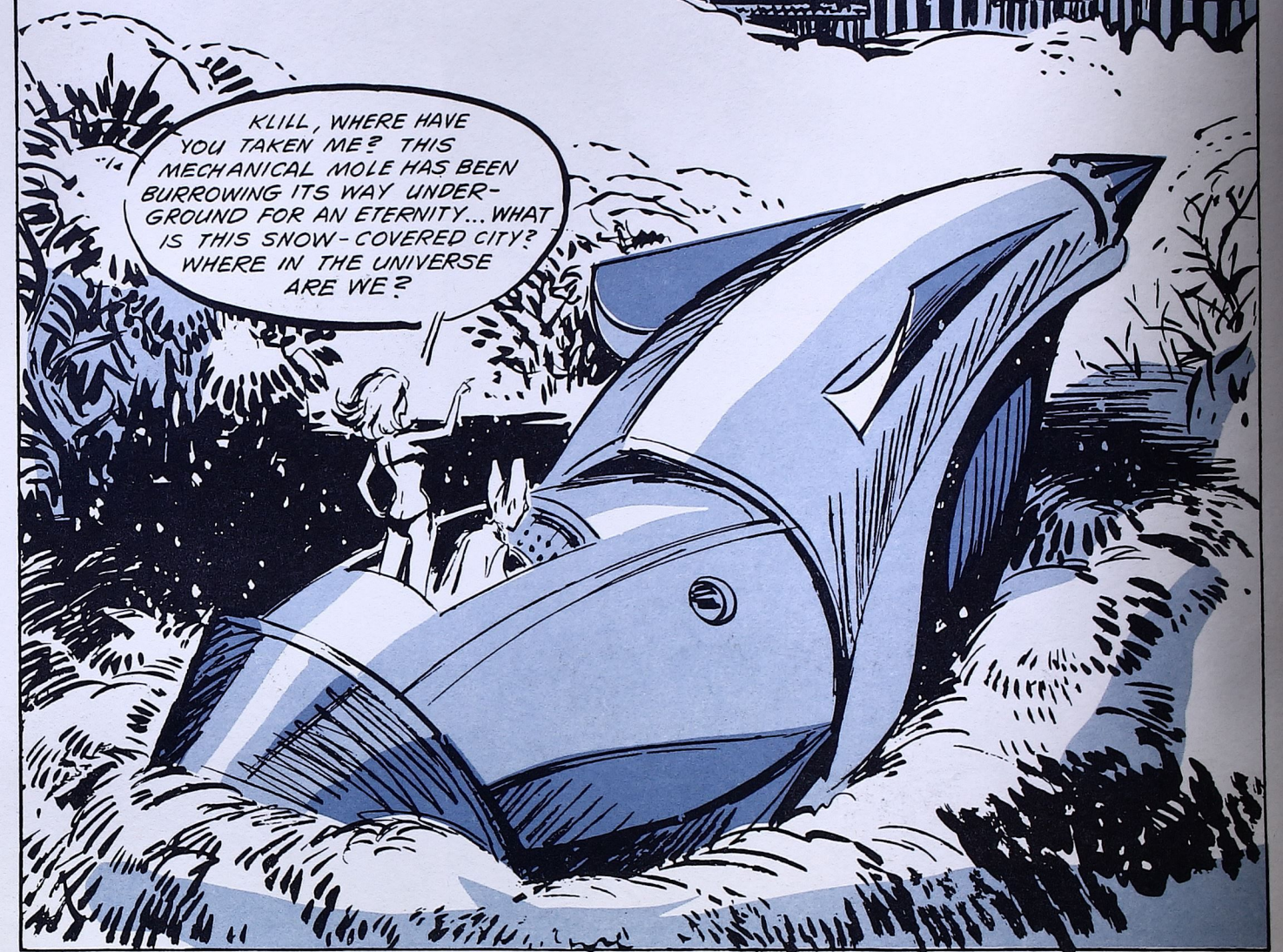


DILDANO, HALLINGER, STRICKNO... WHEN WILL IT BE MY TURN? AND YOURS, KLILL, YOU HIDEOUS LITTLE MONSTER? DO YOU KNOW ANY WAY OUT OF HERE?

PERHAPS I DO...!



CONSIDERABLY DEMORALIZED, **BARBARELLA** ALLOWS HERSELF TO BE SPIRITED AWAY BY **KLILL**, THE HORRID LITTLE MARTIAN. A SUBTERRANEAN ROCKET ABANDONED BY A PREVIOUS EXPEDITION ENABLES THEM TO ESCAPE FROM THE SINISTER DEPTHS OF **LYTHION**.



KLILL, WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME? THIS MECHANICAL MOLE HAS BEEN BURROWING ITS WAY UNDERGROUND FOR AN ETERNITY... WHAT IS THIS SNOW-COVERED CITY? WHERE IN THE UNIVERSE ARE WE?

STILL ON THE SAME PLANET, DON'T WORRY! AND I KNOW THIS REGION, YESTERYEAR, LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND. HERE YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SUFFERING FROM THE HEAT!

I'M ALREADY FROZEN TO THE BONE. ... WE MUST FIND SOME CLOTHES.



STAY HERE IN THE SUBTERRINE... I'M GOING TO FIND SOME CLOTHES... AND ANNOUNCE OUR ARRIVAL TO THE GOOD KING ARANRABL. HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!



THE KING ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS? YOU'RE TOO MUCH, KLILL!



DO YOU ALSO KNOW THIS YOUNG LADY IN THE WEIRD OUTFIT?





OH!... SO SOON! THAT'S STOMOXYS... OR GLOSSINA. I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHICH. ANYWAY, SHE'S ONE OF THE TWIN PRINCESSES OF YESTERYEAR!

SO, COME ON OVER! NO ONE'S GOING TO BITE YOU!

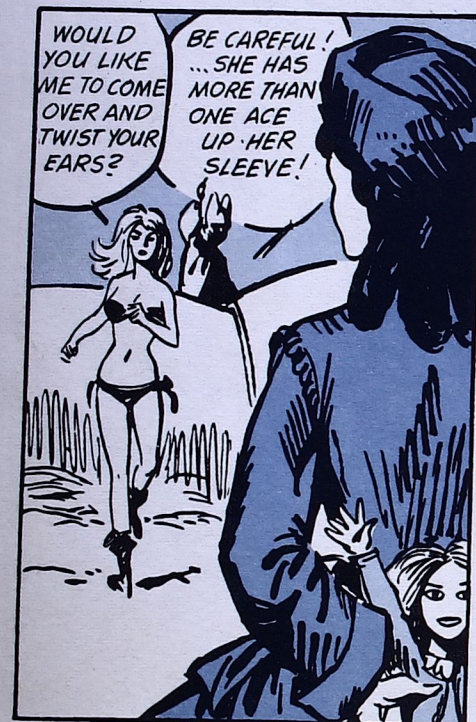


YOU LITTLE FOOL! WHY DID YOU THROW THAT SNOWBALL AT ME?

DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY... YOU WON'T HAVE THE LAST WORD WITH HER.



TO TOWN, MY LITTLE HEN!

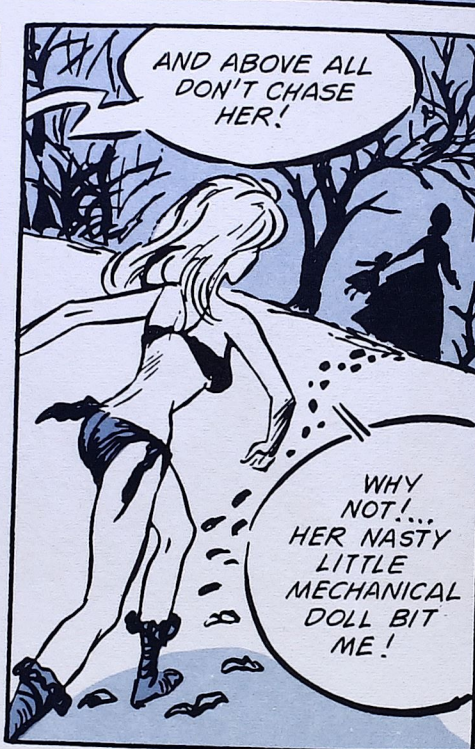


WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO COME OVER AND TWIST YOUR EARS?

BE CAREFUL! ... SHE HAS MORE THAN ONE ACE UP HER SLEEVE!



OUCH!



AND ABOVE ALL DON'T CHASE HER!

WHY NOT!... HER NASTY LITTLE MECHANICAL DOLL BIT ME!



CAN I BE DREAMING! EXCEPT FOR A FEW DETAILS, THE PEOPLE ARE DRESSED IN THE SAME STYLE AS WE DRESSED ON EARTH AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!



THE ARCHITECTURE IS INSPIRED BY THE SAME STYLE... THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

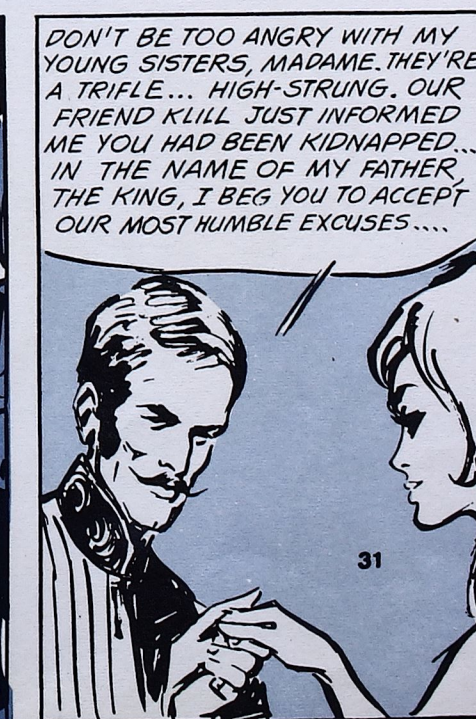
UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, I'M BEING INVITED TO THE CASTLE!



WHAT?... YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME IN BY THE MAIN STAIRCASE?



STOMOXYS! GLOSSINA!

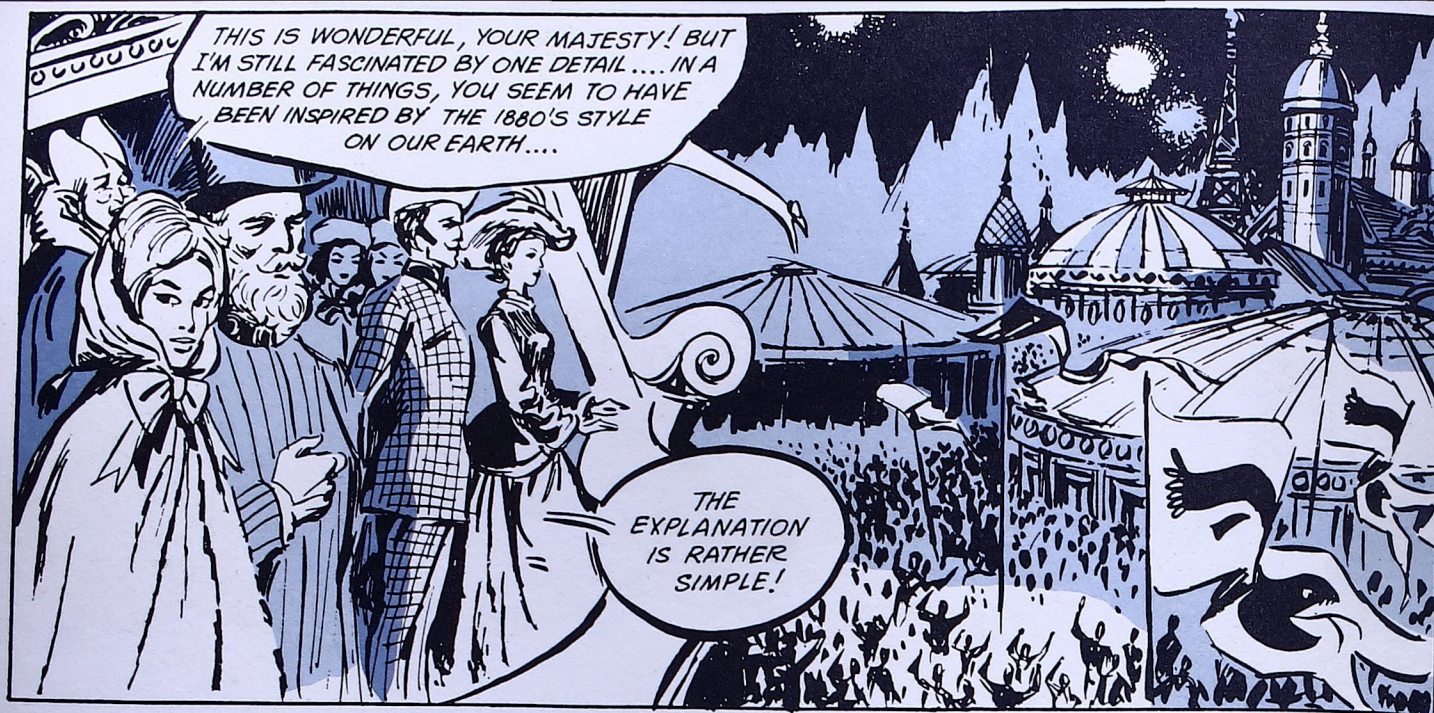


DON'T BE TOO ANGRY WITH MY YOUNG SISTERS, MADAME. THEY'RE A TRIFLE... HIGH-STRUNG. OUR FRIEND KILLI JUST INFORMED ME YOU HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED... IN THE NAME OF MY FATHER, THE KING, I BEG YOU TO ACCEPT OUR MOST HUMBLE EXCUSES....



MAY IT BE WITHIN OUR POWER TO MAKE YOU FORGET THIS UNPLEASANT INCIDENT... BY TRADITION, TRAVELLERS FROM OTHER TIMES ARE OUR GUESTS... BUT HERE WE HAVE BOTH A LADY AND AN EARTH DWELLER... THE WHOLE CITY IS CELEBRATING!



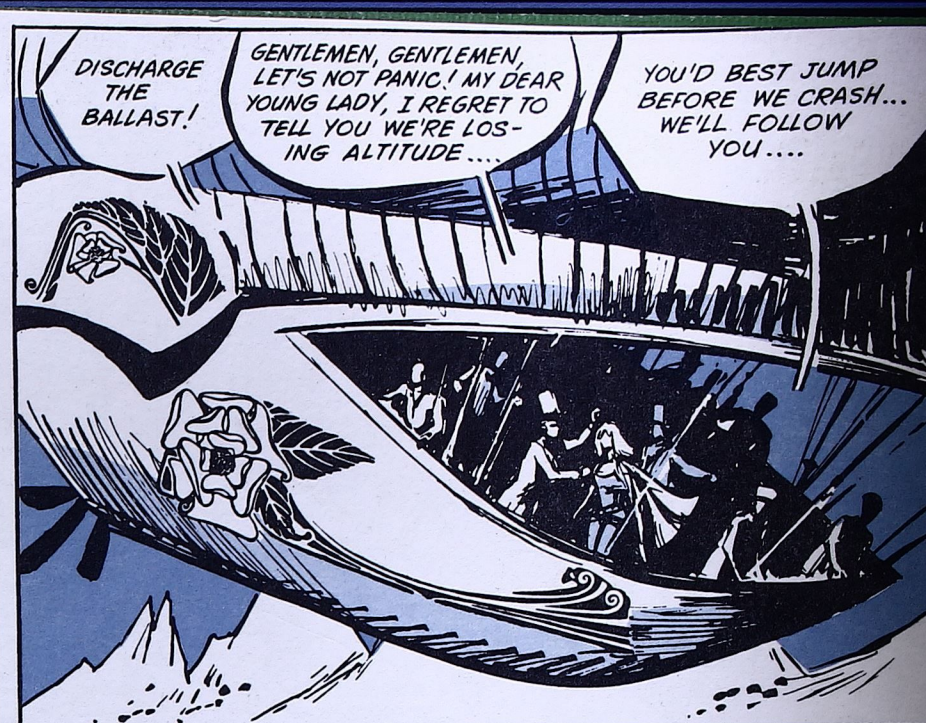


THIS IS WONDERFUL, YOUR MAJESTY! BUT I'M STILL FASCINATED BY ONE DETAIL... IN A NUMBER OF THINGS, YOU SEEM TO HAVE BEEN INSPIRED BY THE 1880'S STYLE ON OUR EARTH...

THE EXPLANATION IS RATHER SIMPLE!



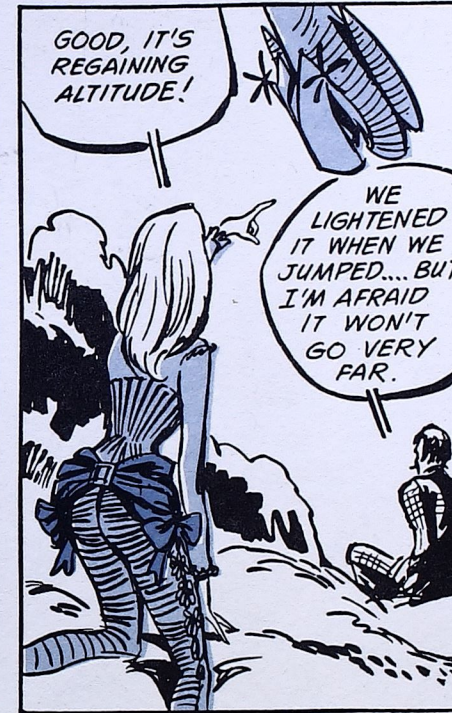
YOUR MAJESTY, THERE'S BEEN AN INEXPLICABLE ACCIDENT... THE GAS IS ESCAPING... WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE...



DISCHARGE THE BALLAST!

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, LET'S NOT PANIC! MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I REGRET TO TELL YOU WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE...

YOU'D BEST JUMP BEFORE WE CRASH... WE'LL FOLLOW YOU...



GOOD, IT'S REGAINING ALTITUDE!

WE LIGHTENED IT WHEN WE JUMPED... BUT I'M AFRAID IT WON'T GO VERY FAR.



I TRUST YOU HAVEN'T BROKEN ANY BONES? I SEE A SHELTER. WE CAN WAIT THERE FOR HELP!



PRINCE TOPAL... YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

REALLY?



I'M ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE!



AAAAHH! WHAT IS THAT ABOMINABLE CREATURE?

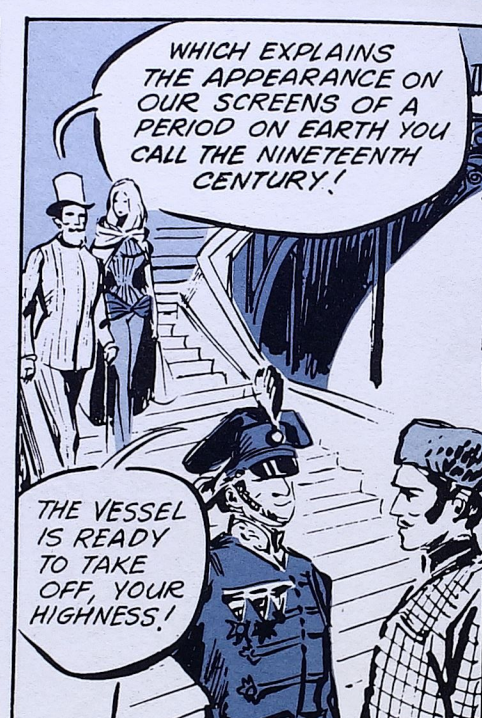
IT'S... IT'S A PHELOW... A SNOW-PHELOW!



SEVERAL YEARS AGO, OUR SCIENTISTS SUCCEEDED IN PERFECTING A DEVICE WITH WHICH WE WERE ABLE TO RECEIVE LUMINOUS SIGNALS COMING FROM OUTER SPACE AND CONVERT THEM INTO THREE-DIMENSIONAL PICTURES...



THEREAFTER WE ESTABLISHED A PROGRAM OF LONG-DISTANCE EXPLORATION OF ALL THE INHABITED PLANETS... THE EARTH WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PLANETS CHOSEN. THE PICTURES, THOUGH CLEAR, REACHED US AFTER AN INTERVAL OF SEVERAL CENTURIES...



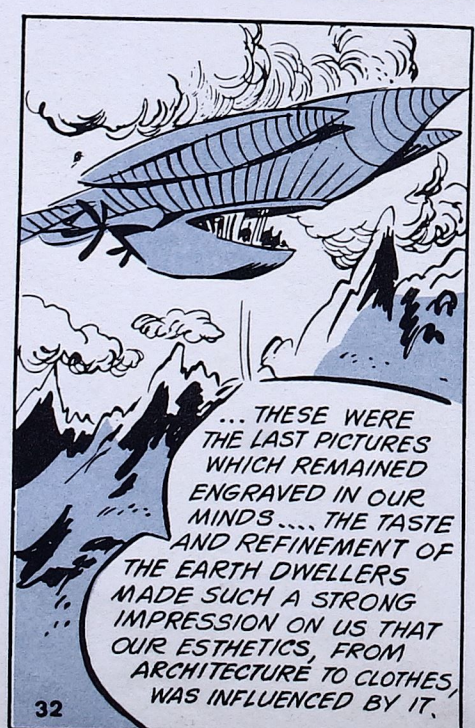
WHICH EXPLAINS THE APPEARANCE ON OUR SCREENS OF A PERIOD ON EARTH YOU CALL THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!

THE VESSEL IS READY TO TAKE OFF, YOUR HIGHNESS!

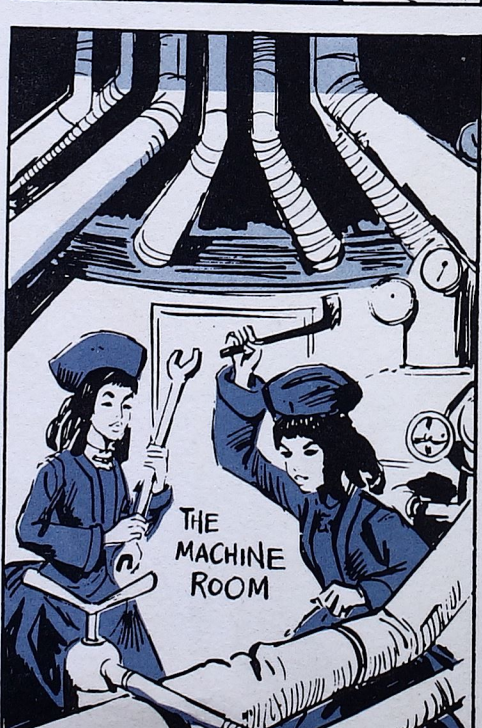


MOST AMUSING... AT PRESENT, OUR ULTRA-LUMINARIC ROCKETS RENDER THESE TRAINS OF GHOSTLY VOYAGERS OBSOLETE...

PERHAPS... BUT THEY RARELY COME TO VISIT US... AND SINCE, AS A RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT, OUR EXPERIMENTS STOPPED THERE...

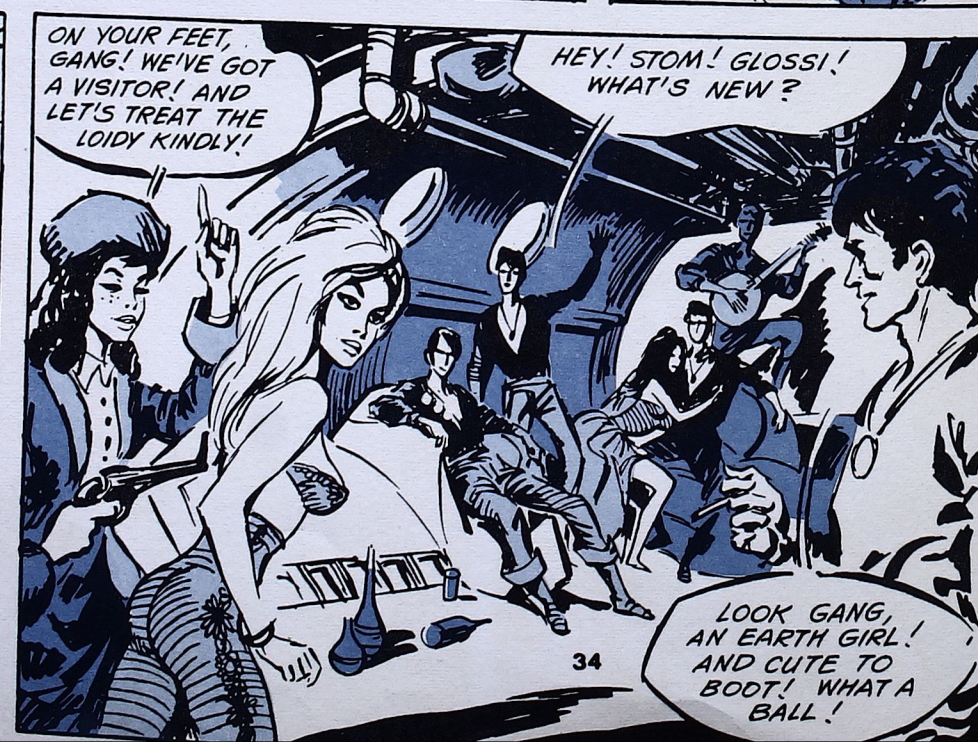


... THESE WERE THE LAST PICTURES WHICH REMAINED ENGRAVED IN OUR MINDS... THE TASTE AND REFINEMENT OF THE EARTH DWELLERS MADE SUCH A STRONG IMPRESSION ON US THAT OUR ESTHETICS, FROM ARCHITECTURE TO CLOTHES, WAS INFLUENCED BY IT.



THE MACHINE ROOM











FOR A LONG TIME BARBARELLA  
 PLOWED FORWARD BENEATH  
 THE CRUST OF THE PLANET  
 LYTHION.... DRIVING HER  
 SUBTERRINE BLINDLY, SHE  
 FINALLY SURFACES IN A  
 STRANGE COUNTRY....



ARE YOU  
 FROM EARTH,  
 GIRL?

OH! I  
 DON'T REALLY  
 KNOW ANY MORE.  
 ... IT'S BEEN  
 SO LONG!...

I SEE.... MY NAME IS  
 DURAND, BUT DON'T  
 ASK ME HOW TO SPELL  
 IT. I LEFT EARTH  
 OVER HALF A CENTURY  
 AGO.

I THINK  
 MY NAME IS  
 BARBARELLA!



I MUST KNOW AT ONCE....  
 IS MY CHANCE LANDING  
 HERE A STROKE OF GOOD  
 OR BAD LUCK?

THE CITY YOU CAN SEE OVER  
 THERE IS CALLED **SOGO**, AND  
 THE LABYRINTH WHICH SUR-  
 ROUNDS IT IS THE MOST  
 INSIDIOUS BLIND STINK-PIT  
 IMAGINABLE....



**SOGO?**

THE NAME MEANS  
 NOTHING TO YOU,  
 OF COURSE. THE  
 INHABITANTS OF  
 LYTHION ARE FOREVER  
 AT EACH OTHER'S  
 THROATS, BUT THEY ALL  
 HAVE AGREED ON ONE  
 POINT: ERASE **SOGO**  
 FROM EVERY MAP!





THE PLANET CONSIDERS IT AN ACCURSED CITY ... TO BE ISOLATED AND FORGOTTEN! SOGO HAS TO BE SELF-SUSTAINING, AND IT LIVES OFF ITS OWN SUBSTANCE: EVIL....

WHO ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE? AND WHY ARE THEY IN HIDING?

YOU SEE THOSE TOWERS OVER THERE?... LEGEND HAS IT THAT WITHIN THOSE WALLS A NEW PERVERSION IS INVENTED EVERY DAY.... DO YOU THINK NATURE CAN BE SO DEFIED WITH IMPUNITY?

UGH...!

I OUGHT TO ADD THAT A COLLECTIVE UPRISING IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. SOGO'S CONSTANTLY THREATENING PRESSURES ARE ENOUGH TO PRECLUDE IT.

THE NATURE OF THE DANGER REMAINS UNKNOWN, BUT EACH OF US PRESUMES IT IS HORRIBLE!

WHAT AN INTERESTING SITUATION.

LET'S SEE NOW ... EVEN IF YOU ARE BEING WATCHED, IT MUST BE POSSIBLE TO CLIMB UP ONTO THE TOP OF THE WALLS TO GET AN OVER-ALL VIEW OF THE LABYRINTH AND THUS STEER CLEAR OF THE TRAPS. PERHAPS YOU COULD EVEN DRAW A MAP OF THE LABYRINTH!

NO ONE IS ABLE TO RESIST BEING DEPRAVED, FOR IN FACT THE LAW FORBIDS IT. IF ANYONE REVEALS THE SLIGHTEST BLEMISH OR SHOWS THE LEAST SIGN OF WEAKENING, HE IS SENTENCED TO BE CAST INTO THE LABYRINTH!

SO ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE EITHER ILL OR PRISONERS.... WHY DON'T THEY REVOLT? DOES THEIR SUFFERING DRAIN AWAY ALL THEIR ENERGY?

THE LABYRINTH IS A PRISON WITHOUT DOORS OR BARS. BUT I DEFY YOU TO FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF IT.... AND BESIDES, WE HAVE NO WEAPONS....

THAT'S THE MOST CLASSIC WAY OF COMMITTING SUICIDE HERE.... THERE, LOOK AT THAT MAN!

HE'S AFFLICTED WITH PERFORATED LEPROSY!

I CAN SEE THAT THERE'S NO WAY OUT PAST THOSE JAGGED MOUNTAIN PEAKS, BUT WHAT ABOUT HEADING TOWARDS THE CITY?

YOU HAVE NO INKING OF WHAT THIS LABYRINTH REALLY IS. MANY HAVE TRIED TO PIERCE ITS SECRET. SOME HAVE SIMPLY DISAPPEARED. OTHERS HAVE DIED OF HUNGER IN A DEAD-END PASSAGEWAY NOT FAR FROM US, WITHOUT OUR BEING ABLE TO BRING THEM HELP! THEIR SCREAMS, AS THEY WENT SLOWLY MAD, USED TO KEEP US FROM SLEEPING....

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AIR SHARKS! THEIR JAWS ARE MERCILESS... DON'T WORRY, DOWN HERE WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR....

THEY NEVER DIVE DOWN BELOW THE WALLS... NOR ARE THEY CAPABLE OF FLYING UP INTO THE SKY.... THEY LIVE IN BETWEEN THE TWO LAYERS OF AIR!

39





ONLY ONE PERSON WAS ABLE TO FOIL THAT IMPLACABLE GUARD. BUT HE PAID FOR IT DEARLY!

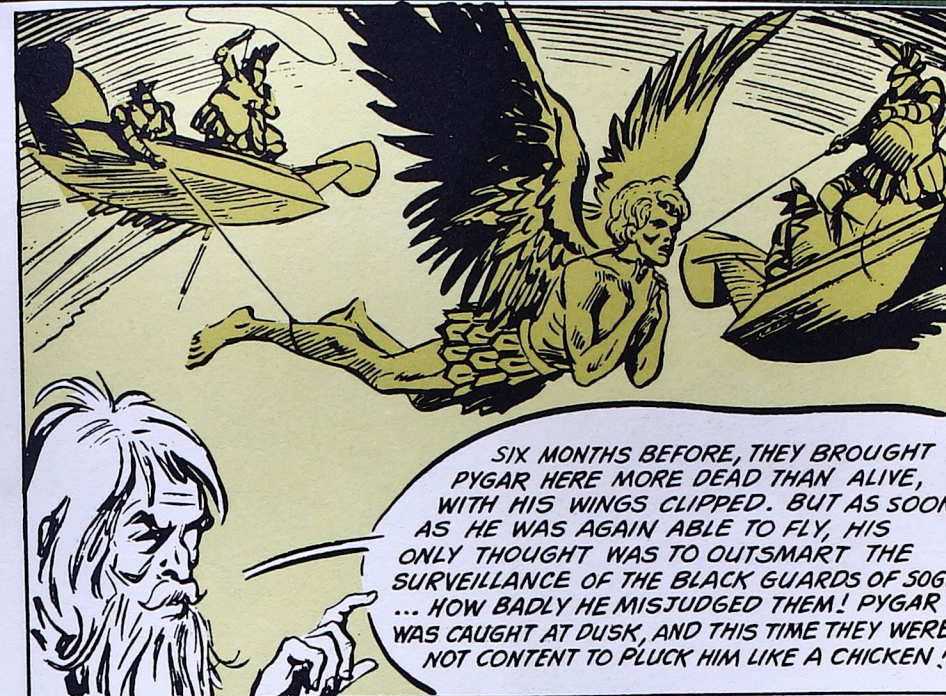
HOW DID HE DO IT? DID HE HAVE A FLYING MACHINE?



NOT EXACTLY. COME, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO HIM.



GREETINGS, PYGAR! THIS IS NO ORDINARY DAY. WE HAVE AN EARTH GIRL AMONG US!



SIX MONTHS BEFORE, THEY BROUGHT PYGAR HERE MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, WITH HIS WINGS CLIPPED. BUT AS SOON AS HE WAS AGAIN ABLE TO FLY, HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO OUTSMART THE SURVEILLANCE OF THE BLACK GUARDS OF SOGO... HOW BADLY HE MISJUDGED THEM! PYGAR WAS CAUGHT AT DUSK, AND THIS TIME THEY WERE NOT CONTENT TO PLUCK HIM LIKE A CHICKEN!



IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME, THERE'S STILL ANOTHER WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE.... WHY DON'T YOU DIG AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE?

WITH WHAT, EARTH GIRL? WE HAVE NO TOOLS, NOT EVEN THE MOST PRIMITIVE.



THIS IS PYGAR, THE LAST OF THE ORNITHANTHROPES.... WHICH IS ROUGHLY SIMILAR TO WHAT WE WOULD CALL AN ANGEL ON EARTH!

A BLIND ANGEL, ALAS! DURAND, DESCRIBE THIS YOUNG LADY TO ME....



PYGAR, YOU KNOW I NEVER LIE TO YOU. THIS GIRL HAS A FACE AS PURE AS THAT OF A VESTAL VIRGIN, BUT SHE IS MORE DESIRABLE THAN ALL THE PROSTITUTES OF SOGO. SHE SAYS HER NAME IS BARBARELLA. SHE IS VENUS IN PERSON.

AH! DURAND, YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO COIN A COMPLIMENT!



GIVE ME YOUR HAND, VENUS....

AND WHAT IF I WERE A NATIVE OF MILO...? HOW SILLY OF ME, YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



ARE YOU FORGETTING THE SUBTERRINE?

YOUR MECHANICAL MOLE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT SOONER!

LISTEN! DON'T YOU HEAR SOMETHING?



WE MUST HIDE YOUR SUBTERRINE, OTHERWISE THE GUARDS WILL SOON SPOT IT AND REDUCE IT TO ASHES.

LISTEN! LISTEN CAREFULLY!



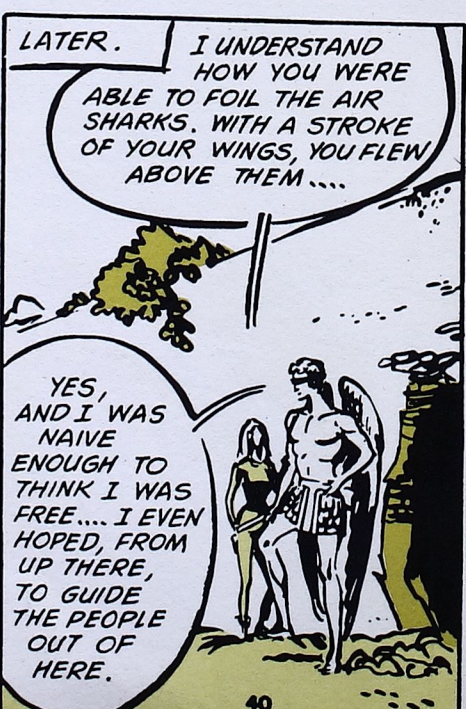
I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING TOO.... A DISTANT WHISTLING NOISE....

A WHISTLING? IF ONLY WE DON'T GET THERE TOO LATE!



ARE YOU CRUEL?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



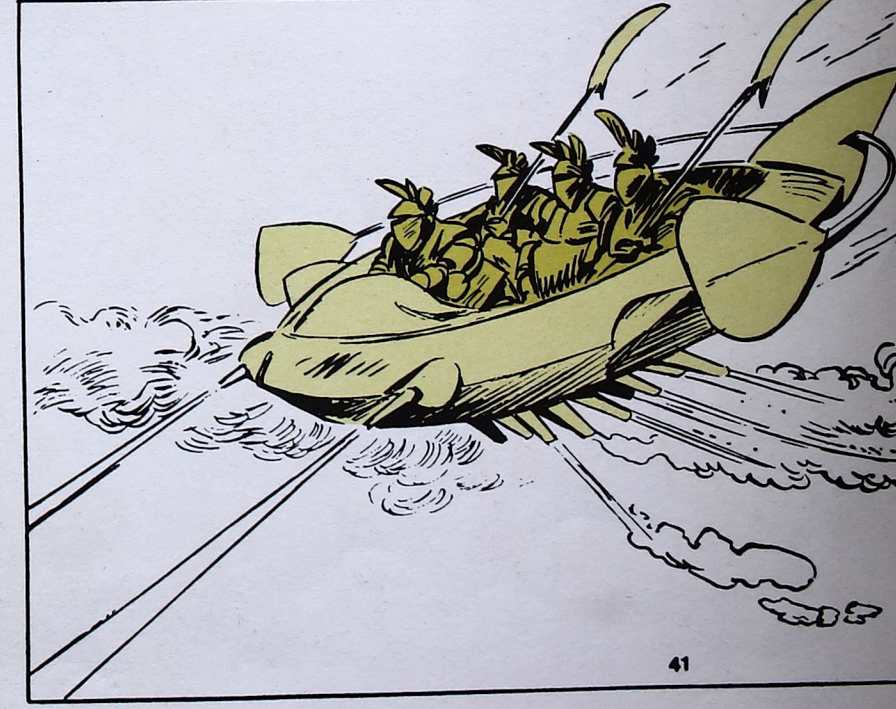
LATER. I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU WERE ABLE TO FOIL THE AIR SHARKS. WITH A STROKE OF YOUR WINGS, YOU FLEW ABOVE THEM....

YES, AND I WAS NAIVE ENOUGH TO THINK I WAS FREE.... I EVEN HOPED, FROM UP THERE, TO GUIDE THE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND A THING. YOU SEEM COMPLETELY AT HOME IN THIS MAZE.

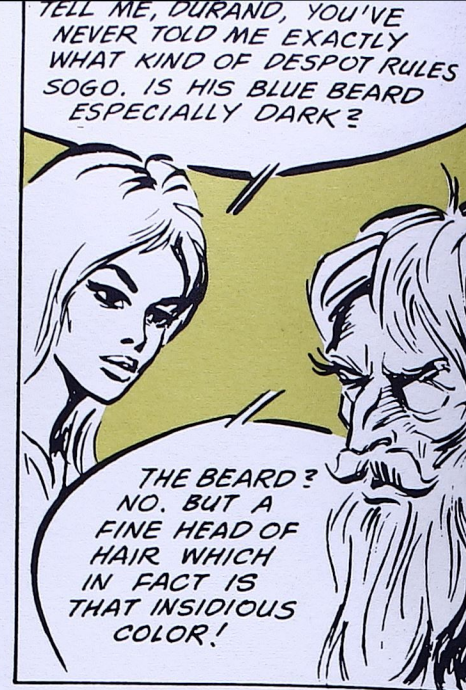
WE'RE PERFECTLY FAMILIAR WITH THIS PART OF THE LABYRINTH... THE DANGER BEGINS CLOSER TO THE CITY... AH! HERE'S THE SUBTERRINE!







NO ONE HAS EVER  
ESCAPED FROM THE  
LABYRINTH... HOW  
COULD I EVER HAVE  
FORGOTTEN?



TELL ME, DURAND, YOU'VE  
NEVER TOLD ME EXACTLY  
WHAT KIND OF DESPOT RULES  
SOGO. IS HIS BLUE BEARD  
ESPECIALLY DARK?

THE BEARD?  
NO. BUT A  
FINE HEAD OF  
HAIR WHICH  
IN FACT IS  
THAT INSIDIOUS  
COLOR!



THE FOOL!  
SHE'LL COST  
US OUR  
LIVES!

QUIET!  
SHE HAS  
MORE  
COURAGE  
THAN BOTH  
OF US...  
WHAT'S  
SHE  
DOING?



WHAT  
IS SHE  
DOING?...



FIRST THE  
PRESENT  
FOR YOUR  
KING!



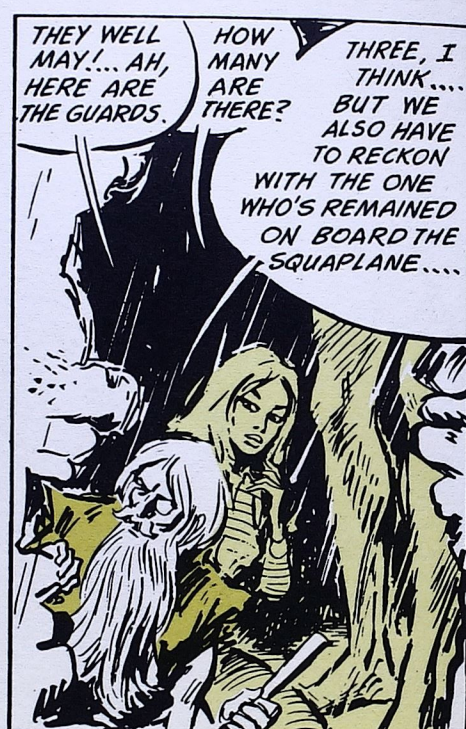
LO-LOK  
LOK-LOLOK  
LOKLO!

HE SAYS THAT THE  
BLACK GUARDS ARE  
SEARCHING THE  
LABYRINTH. THEY'RE  
CERTAINLY LOOKING FOR  
YOU... COME, LET'S GO  
FIND PYGAR. THE CREVICE  
HE LIVES IN IS THE ONLY  
PLACE WE'RE LIABLE  
TO FIND HIM.



THE  
EARTH GIRL  
IS AFRAID  
OF THE  
RAIN,  
PYGAR...  
CAN YOU  
SHELTER  
HER?

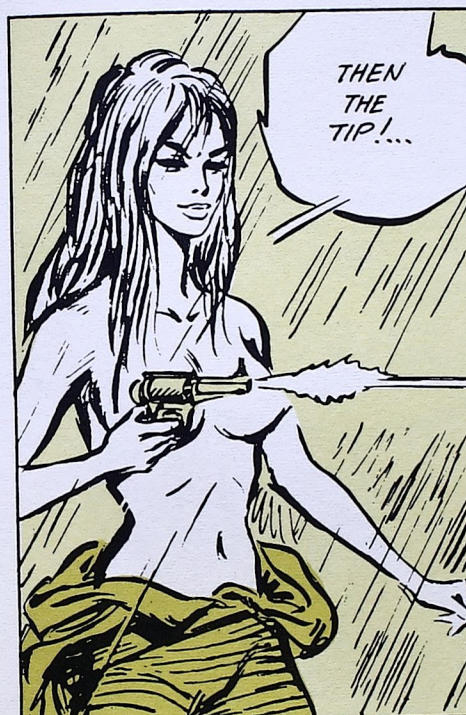
IF THEY  
DON'T FIND  
ME, ISN'T THERE  
A RISK THEY'LL  
MAKE REPRISALS  
AGAINST YOUR  
FRIENDS?



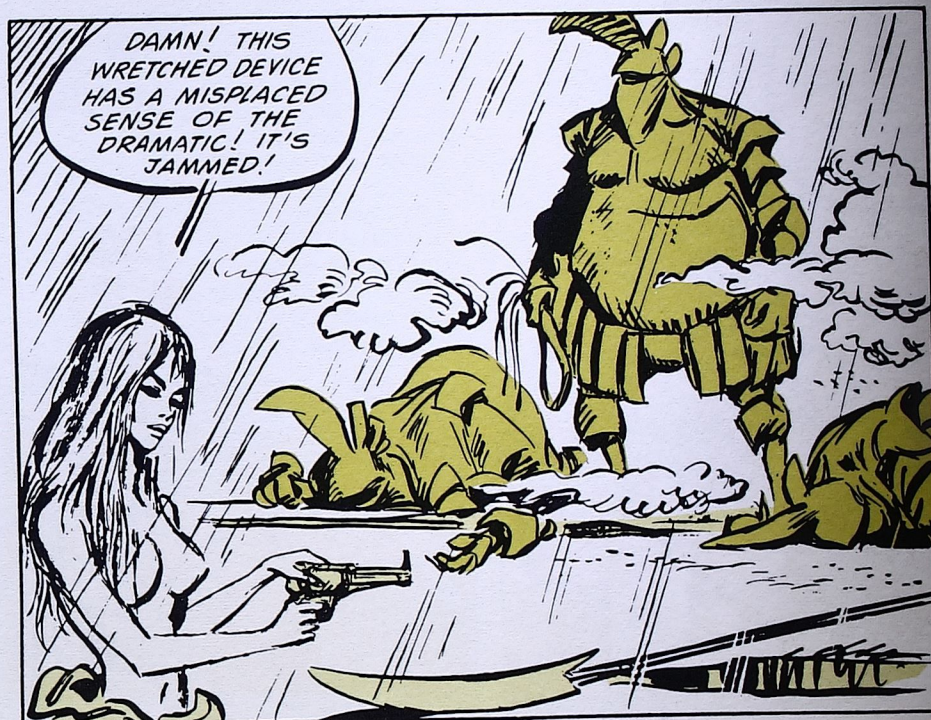
THEY WILL  
MAY... AH,  
HERE ARE  
THE GUARDS.

HOW  
MANY  
ARE  
THERE?

THREE, I  
THINK...  
BUT WE  
ALSO HAVE  
TO RECKON  
WITH THE ONE  
WHO'S REMAINED  
ON BOARD THE  
SQUAPLANE...



THEN  
THE  
TIP!...



DAMN! THIS  
WRETCHED DEVICE  
HAS A MISPLACED  
SENSE OF THE  
DRAMATIC! IT'S  
JAMMED!



DO THEY UNDER-  
STAND  
"GALACTIC"?

THEY UNDER-  
STAND ABSO-  
LUTELY NOTHING!



THERE'S ONLY ONE  
WAY OF FIND-  
ING OUT!...

WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING? ARE  
YOU CRAZY?



HEY! YOU CARICATURES!  
I HAVE A LOVELY GIFT  
FOR YOUR BELOVED  
SOVEREIGN, AND FOR  
YOU A FAT TIP....

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DURAND,  
DO SOMETHING!  
OH, IF  
ONLY I  
COULD  
SEE!

IF YOU  
DID YOU'D  
SEE THAT  
SILLY FOOL  
OF A GIRL  
BEING SPANKED!  
IT'S STRICTLY  
FORBIDDEN TO  
DO A STRIP-  
TEASE IN  
THE RAIN....



DURAND, IF YOU DON'T  
DO SOMETHING, I'LL  
STRANGLE YOU!

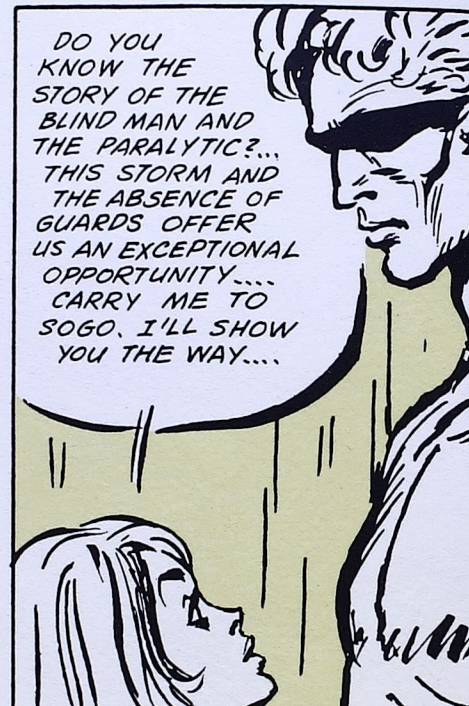
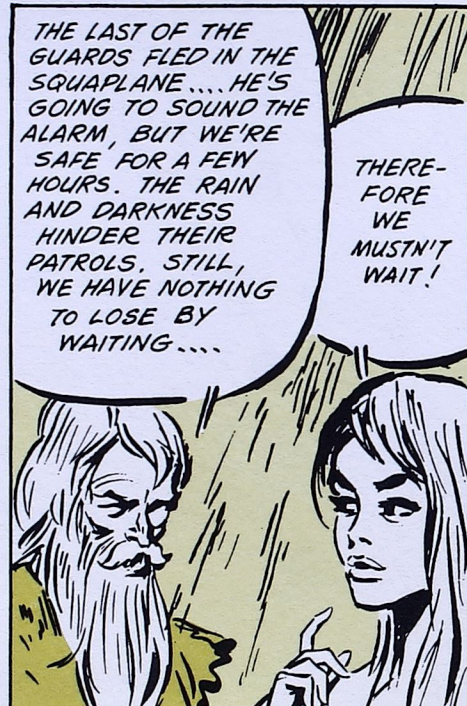
TAKE IT  
EASY. I  
HAVE AN  
IDEA.  
FOLLOW  
ME!



HURRY  
UP, EARTH  
GIRL! BEAT  
A RETREAT.  
AND PYGAR,  
STAY RIGHT  
WHERE  
YOU  
ARE!

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THE STORM AND DARKNESS WILL PROTECT PYGAR AND HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN, BUT ARE NOT THE LIGHTS OF SOGO, THAT ACCURSED CITY, SO MANY DANGEROUS FLAMES IN WHICH BARBARELLA AND HER COMPANION RISK BEING KILLED?





PYGAR, WE LEFT SO SUDDENLY I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK WHAT WOULD BECOME OF YOU IN SOGO.... IN SPITE OF THE STORM, THE ALARM MUST HAVE BEEN GIVEN!

DON'T WORRY, I HAVE FRIENDS IN THESE POORER DISTRICTS. THEY'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE ME....



PYGAR! WE WERE SURE YOU'D COME BACK.... AS FOR THE EARTH GIRL, SHE'S CERTAINLY A BOLD ONE!

SHE IS INDEED, AND COURAGEOUS TO BOOT! IF WE AREN'T COWARDS, WE'LL HELP HER!



FOR THE MOMENT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME. BESIDES, I'M A BIT MAD, AND MY PLANS WOULD ONLY KEEP YOU UP NIGHTS WORRYING....

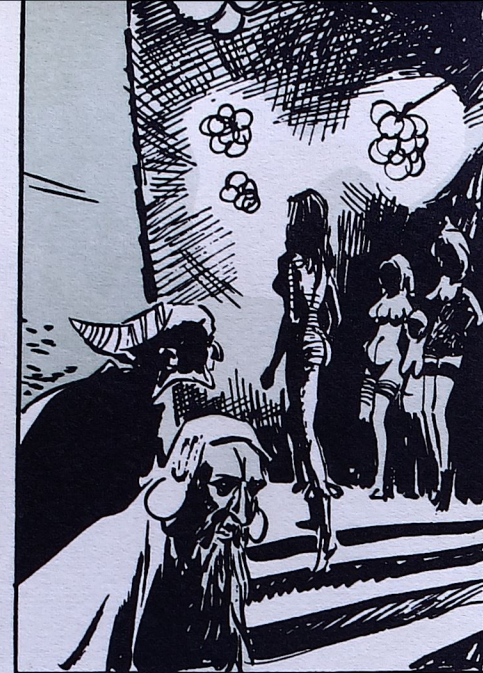


THESE PEOPLE ARE REALLY DECENT. THE BEST HELP THEY COULD GIVE ME WAS PROCURING ME THIS MAP OF THE CITY....





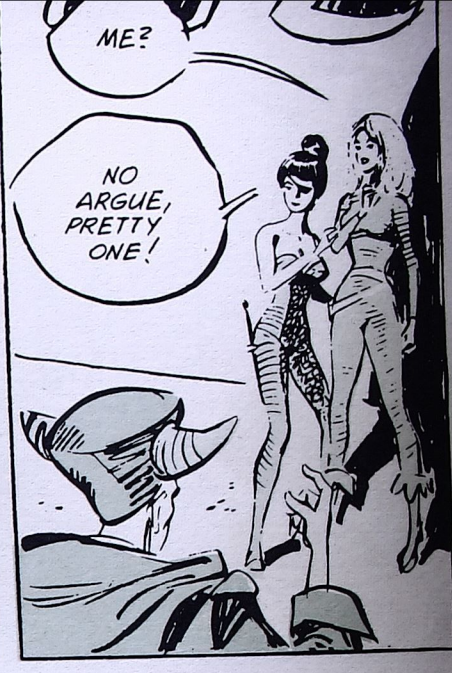
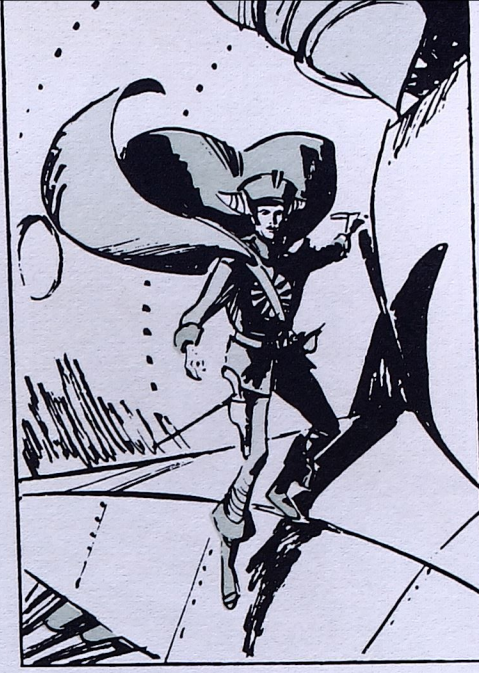
LET'S SEE, FIRST I MUST CROSS THROUGH THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT....  
HMMM...IN THIS CESS-POOL OF EVIL, HOW DOES ONE DISTINGUISH THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT FROM THE REST OF THE CITY?



BY SATURN, WHO ARE THESE POOR BEGGARS?



GREAT! IF THERE ISN'T ANY KING FOR ME TO SEDUCE, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? THIS RUINS ALL MY PLANS!



ME?

NO ARGUE, PRETTY ONE!



DON'T BE AFRAID, PRETTY ONE! POOR BEGGARS, NIGHTY-NIGHT!



THIS GIRL SEEMS JUST AS WORRISOME!  
THANKS, DEARIE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, AND WHAT DO YOU DO IN LIFE?



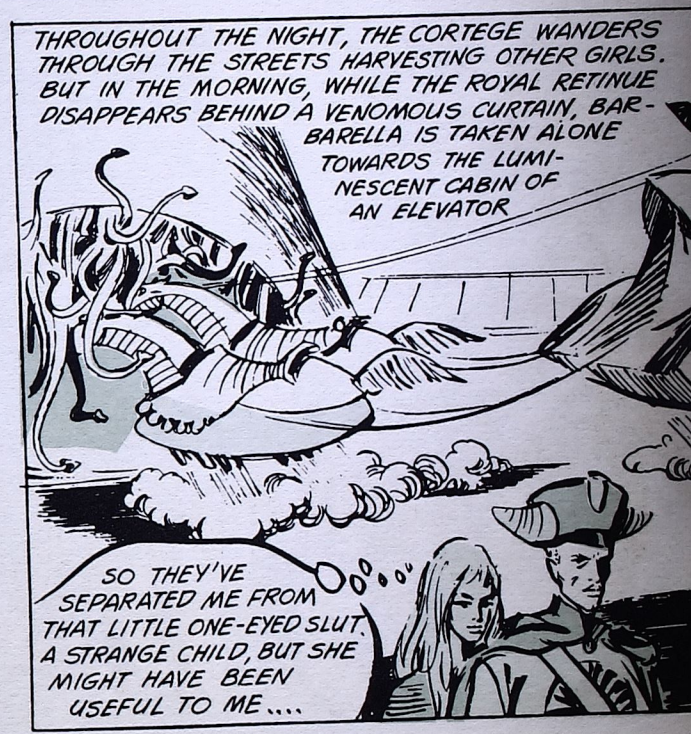
SLUPE... I SELL LOVE. FOR YOU, PRETTY ONE, I GIVE FREE.

MY NAME'S NOT PRETTY ONE, IT'S BARBARELLA, AND...DON'T GET SO WORKED UP, I CAN HEAR SOMEONE COMING.



YOU'RE CHOSEN BY THE QUEEN.  
CHOSEN?

CHOSEN FOR WHAT PURPOSE? BARBARELLA DOESN'T DARE PONDER THE QUESTION. DIDN'T SHE WANT TO STEAL INTO THE PALACE AND MEET THE TYRANT WHOSE CRUEL YOKE AND SCANDALOUS FANTASIES WEIGH HEAVILY ON SOGO AND ITS LABYRINTH?



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE CORTEGE WANDERS THROUGH THE STREETS HARVESTING OTHER GIRLS. BUT IN THE MORNING, WHILE THE ROYAL RETINUE DISAPPEARS BEHIND A VENOMOUS CURTAIN, BARBARELLA IS TAKEN ALONE TOWARDS THE LUMINESCENT CABIN OF AN ELEVATOR

SO THEY'VE SEPARATED ME FROM THAT LITTLE ONE-EYED SLUT. A STRANGE CHILD, BUT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN USEFUL TO ME....



YES INDEED, IT'S THE QUEEN AND HER RETINUE. BETTER NOT LOOK TOO INNOCENT....

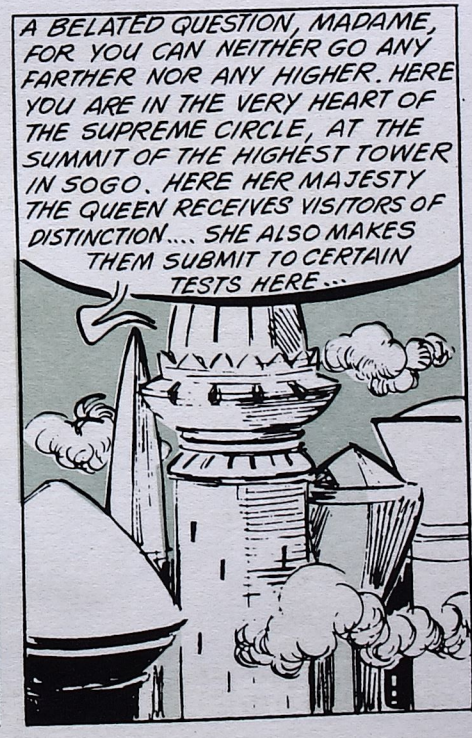
THE QUEEN? YOU SPEAK OF HER AS THOUGH THERE WERE ONLY ONE. DOESN'T THE KING WITH THE BLUE WIG HAVE A WHOLE HAREM?



NOT ANY KING. ONLY QUEEN. WHERE YOU BLOW IN FROM, PRETTY ONE?



I'M ABOUT TO DROP. WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?



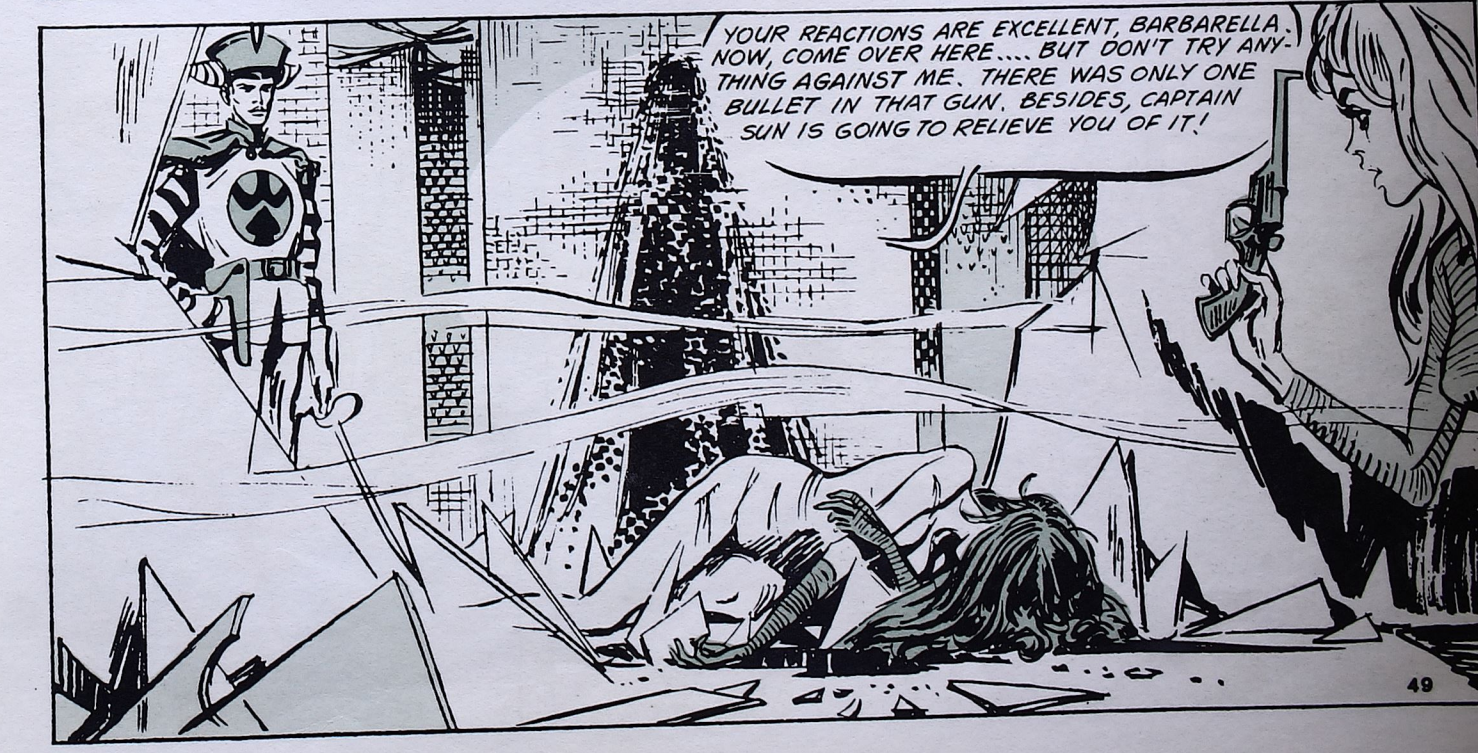
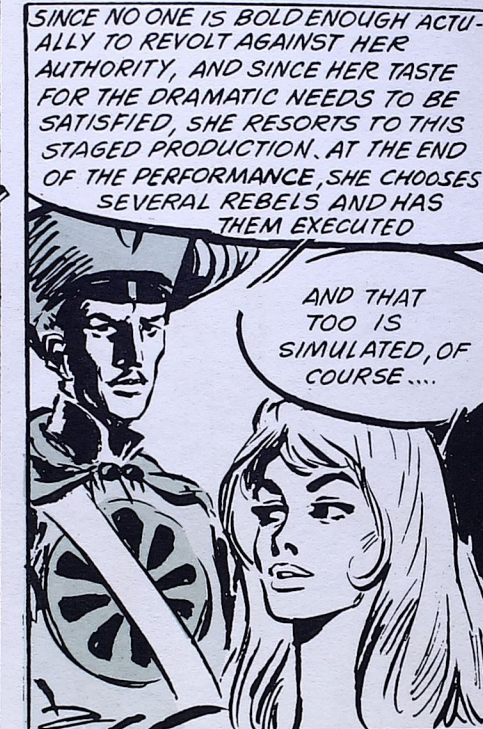
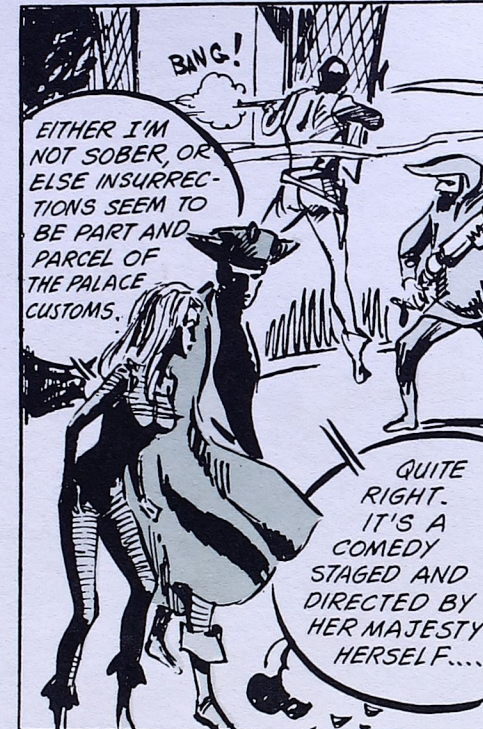
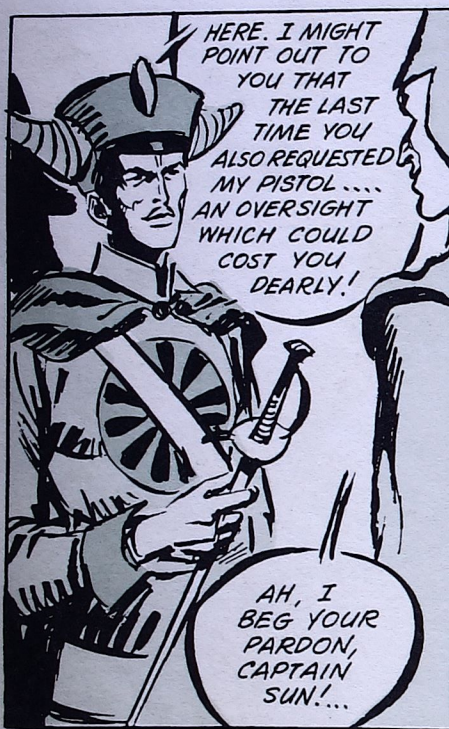
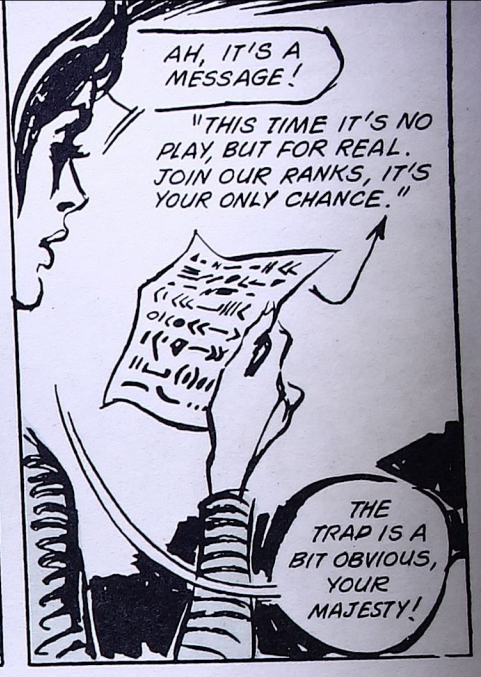
A BELATED QUESTION, MADAME, FOR YOU CAN NEITHER GO ANY FARTHER NOR ANY HIGHER. HERE YOU ARE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE SUPREME CIRCLE, AT THE SUMMIT OF THE HIGHEST TOWER IN SOGO. HERE HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVES VISITORS OF DISTINCTION.... SHE ALSO MAKES THEM SUBMIT TO CERTAIN TESTS HERE...



WHAT ARE ALL THOSE EXPLOSIONS? HOW CAN HER MAJESTY BEAR SUCH A RACKET?

IT'S AN INSURRECTION. DON'T GET EXCITED!







ALLOW ME TO REMIND YOUR MAJESTY THAT SHE IS NOT FULLY INFORMED. MY NAME IS NOT SIMPLY BARBARELLA...



...BUT BARBARELLA GORGORA DI VAMPIRA, FROM A LONG LINE OF BLOOD-DRINKERS AND VENOM SUCKERS...



UNIM-PRESSIVE...

I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER TO PROPOSE TO YOU, DO YOU LIKE BIRDS?

COOKED HOW?



HERE WE SERVE THEM RAW... SUN, BE SO KIND AS TO ESCORT THIS YOUNG LADY TO THE SITE OF THE LOVE-FEAST!



THE WIND TUNNEL... IT'S BLOWING IN BIRDS! OH! THE ADORABLE LITTLE CREATURES!



NO! NO! STOP! I'M GOING TO...



WAIT... WOULD YOUR MAJESTY GRANT ME ONE FAVOR? THIS MEAL TO WHICH I'M INVITED MIGHT WELL BE MY LAST....



WHAT FAVOR?

WHAT IS THERE BEHIND THESE BLUE SIDE LOCKS?



AH! DAMN YOU!

SUPE! THE LITTLE ONE-EYED WENCH!

YOU HAVE A GOOD MEMORY, PRETTY ONE!



AND NOW, TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS!

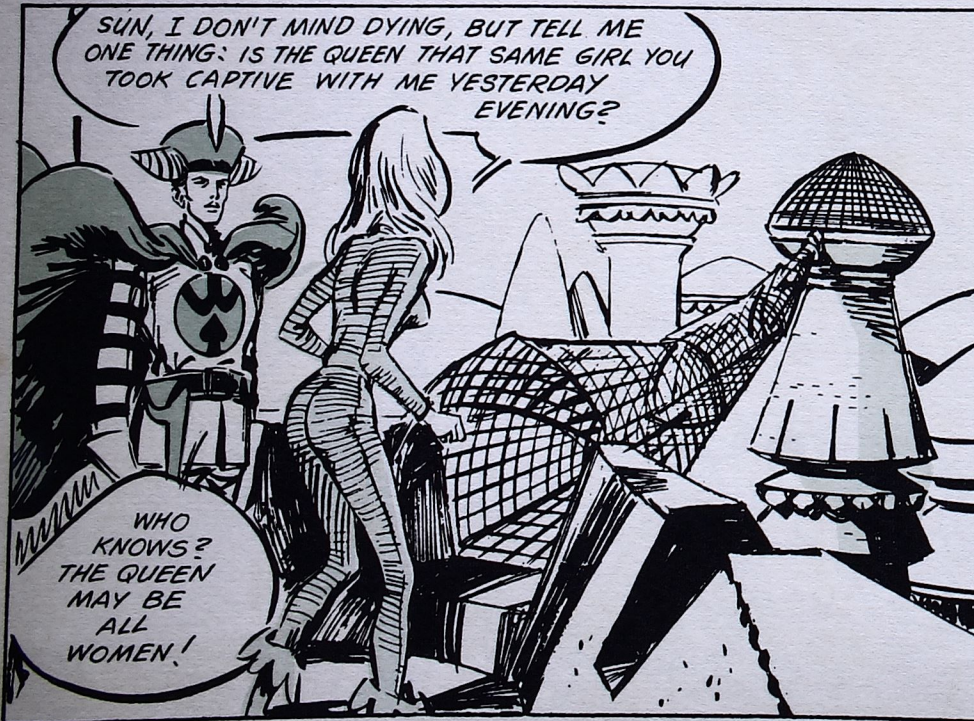


COURAGE, EARTH GIRL!



POOR BARBAR-ELLA!

SUN, I DON'T MIND DYING, BUT TELL ME ONE THING: IS THE QUEEN THAT SAME GIRL YOU TOOK CAPTIVE WITH ME YESTERDAY EVENING?



WHO KNOWS? THE QUEEN MAY BE ALL WOMEN!

THE GATE'S CLOSED BEHIND ME... I WONDER WHAT THAT TUNNEL IS FOR ACROSS THE CAGE?



YOU, CAPTAIN SUN! AH! I'M GOING MAD! LEAVE ME ALONE... THERE'S STILL ENOUGH LIFE LEFT IN ME TO...



...CURE YOU OF YOUR PENCHANT FOR THE THEATRICAL!



AH!



TOO BAD, EARTH GIRL!... THIS TIME YOU FAILED THE TEST: THIS WAS NO PLAY-ACTING....



WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY DEFIED THE QUEEN TO COME AND HELP ME?





IT'S NOTHING... HER MAJESTY INSPIRES A HATE WHICH EACH OF US IS ONLY WAITING TO REVEAL IN THE MOST UNPLEASANT WAY POSSIBLE. THIS WAS AS GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY AS ANY!

YOU MEAN YOU INEVITABLY CONDEMNED YOURSELVES....!



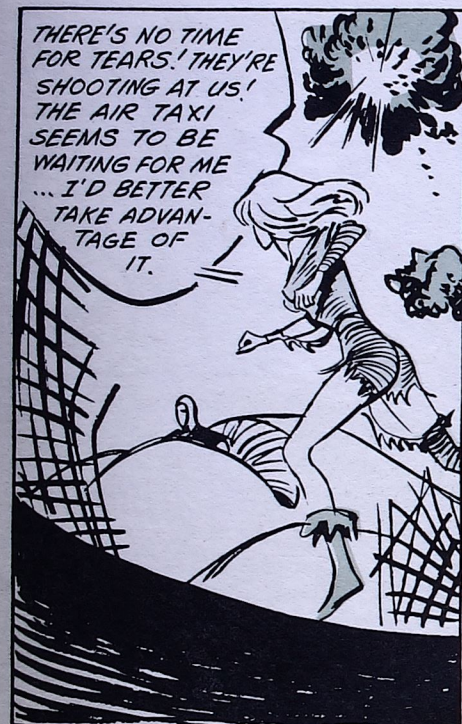
BAH! IT'S THE FAVORITE GAME PLAYED BY THE COURT OFFICERS!

IN THAT CASE... WHY NOT HELP ME PLAY HER A DIRTY TRICK? WHAT IS HER WEAK POINT?



SLEEP...

SLEEP?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN? AH! HE'S DEAD, HOW INOPPORTUNE!



THERE'S NO TIME FOR TEARS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US! THE AIR TAXI SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR ME... I'D BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.



I KNOW YOU'RE A TRAITOR, BUT WHO HAVE YOU BETRAYED?



A ROBOT CAN NOT BETRAY, MADAME....

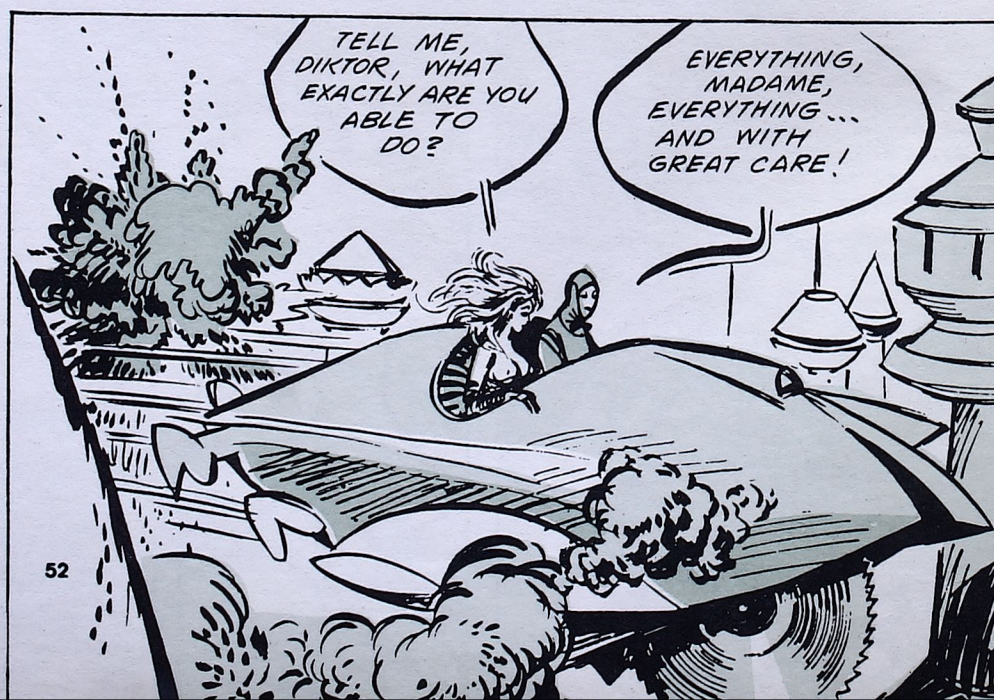
AH! AT LAST SOMEONE I CAN COUNT UPON, OR SO I HOPE! ALL RIGHT THEN, TAKE ME OUT OF HERE.



VERY WELL, MADAME. DIKTOR HAS SEEN MANY WORSE SITUATIONS, MADAME!



CAN'T YOU AIM A LITTLE BETTER! I COULD SWEAR YOU'RE DOING IT ON PURPOSE. I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU ALL THROWN INTO PRISON!



TELL ME, DIKTOR, WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU ABLE TO DO?

EVERYTHING, MADAME, EVERYTHING... AND WITH GREAT CARE!



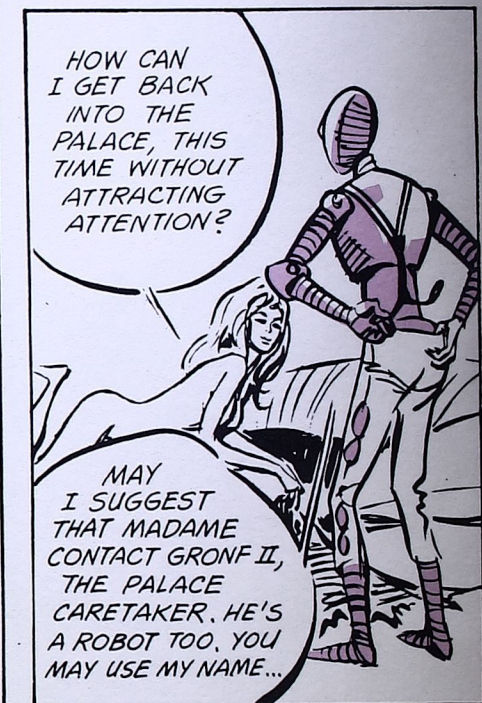


DIKTOR,  
YOU HAVE  
REAL STYLE!

OH! MADAME  
IS TOO KIND...  
I KNOW MY  
SHORTCOMINGS...  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
A BIT MECHANICAL  
ABOUT MY  
MOVEMENTS!



YOU'RE  
PERFECT, EVEN  
THE WAY YOU  
TALK... BUT LET'S  
BE SERIOUS...



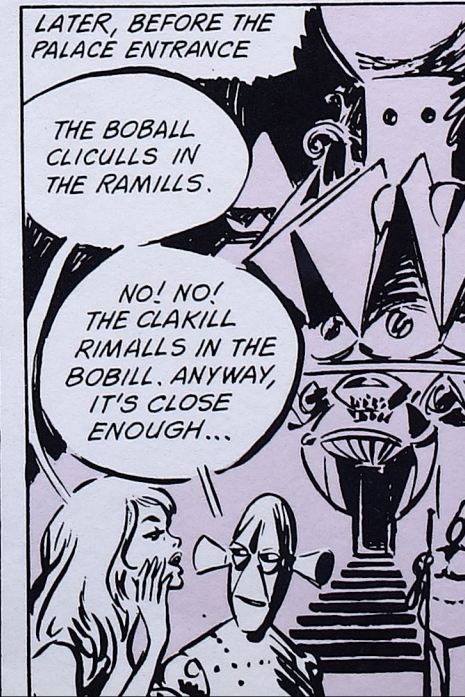
HOW CAN  
I GET BACK  
INTO THE  
PALACE, THIS  
TIME WITHOUT  
ATTRACTING  
ATTENTION?

MAY  
I SUGGEST  
THAT MADAME  
CONTACT GRONF II,  
THE PALACE  
CARETAKER. HE'S  
A ROBOT TOO. YOU  
MAY USE MY NAME...



CARETAKER?  
DOES HE TAKE  
AS GOOD  
CARE OF A  
GIRL AS  
YOU?

HE IS  
DIFFERENT, MADAME...  
TREACHEROUS,  
VENAL, CROOKED,  
A PERVERT.  
HE CAN BE  
BOUGHT FOR  
A FEW PIECES  
OF SKWAM...



LATER, BEFORE THE  
PALACE ENTRANCE

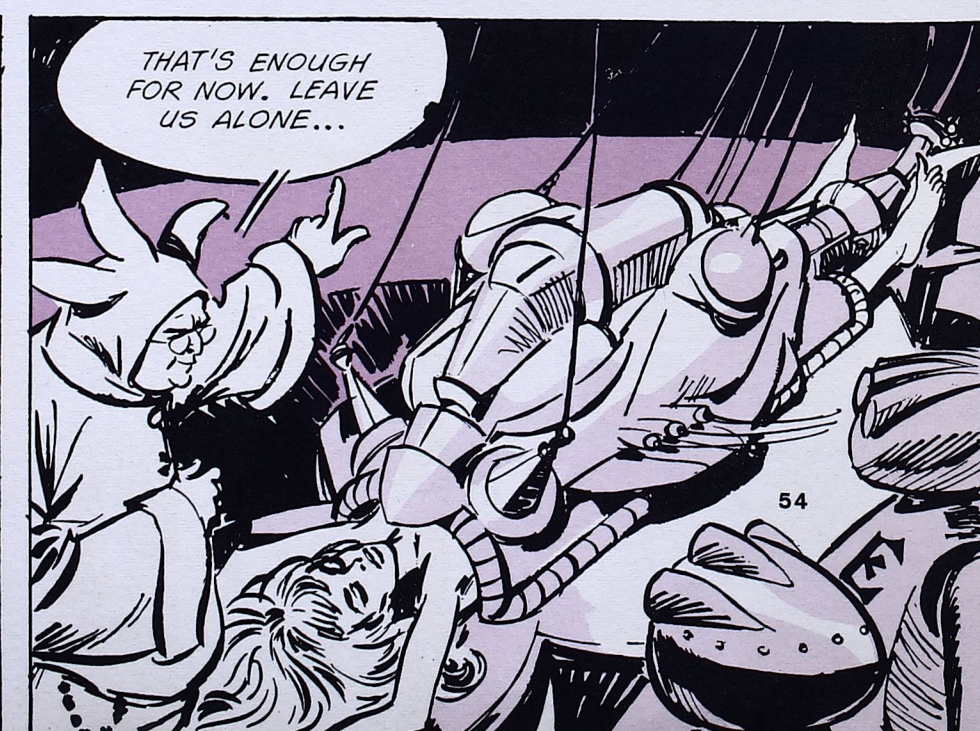
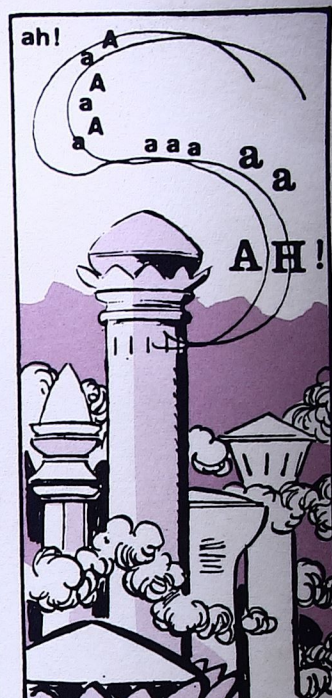
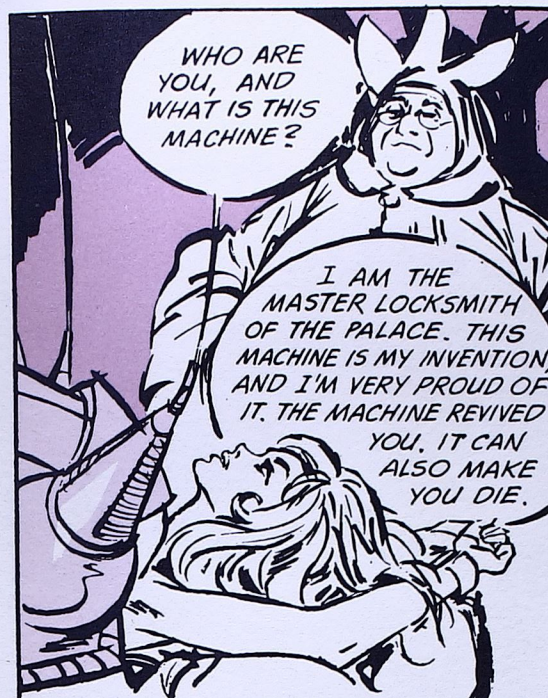
THE BOBALL  
CLICULLS IN  
THE RAMILLS.

NO! NO!  
THE CLAKILL  
RIMALLS IN THE  
BOBILL. ANYWAY,  
IT'S CLOSE  
ENOUGH...

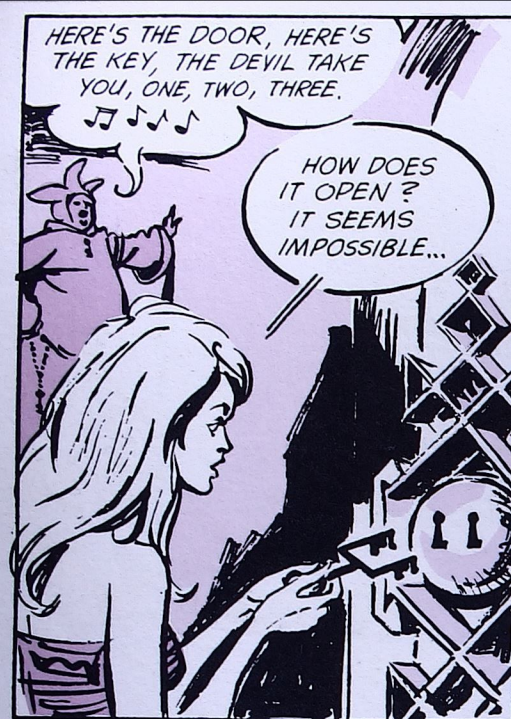


TAKE THIS  
SMOKOGENOUS  
TORCH AND GO  
IN THROUGH  
THE POISONOUS  
DOOR. NO ONE  
WILL STOP YOU.







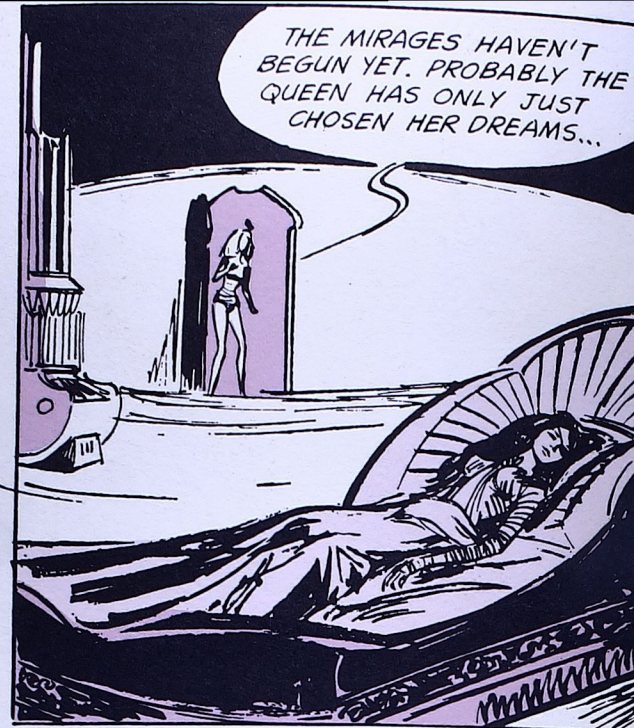


HERE'S THE DOOR, HERE'S THE KEY, THE DEVIL TAKE YOU, ONE, TWO, THREE.

HOW DOES IT OPEN? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE...



AH, THERE IT IS! IT WAS SO SIMPLE I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT...



THE MIRAGES HAVEN'T BEGUN YET. PROBABLY THE QUEEN HAS ONLY JUST CHOSEN HER DREAMS...



WHAT'S THIS NIGHTMARE? VADE RETRO EARTH GIRL, I KNOW YOU DON'T REALLY EXIST!



I'M GOING TO UPSET HER PROGRAM AT RANDOM, THEN I'LL ACT ACCORDING TO WHAT SHE DOES...



QUITE A NIGHTMARE YOU ARE PREPARING FOR HER THERE, EARTH GIRL! IT WOULD BE CRUEL TO LET HER FACE IT ALONE.



AH! TRAITOR! HE LOCKED ME IN WITH THE QUEEN... AND NOW THE MIRAGES ARE BEGINNING.



THAT MAY BE, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT WE'D BETTER STICK TO WHAT WE SEE. THIS BED IS THE ONLY TANGIBLE THING. WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE GOING TO SHARE IT.



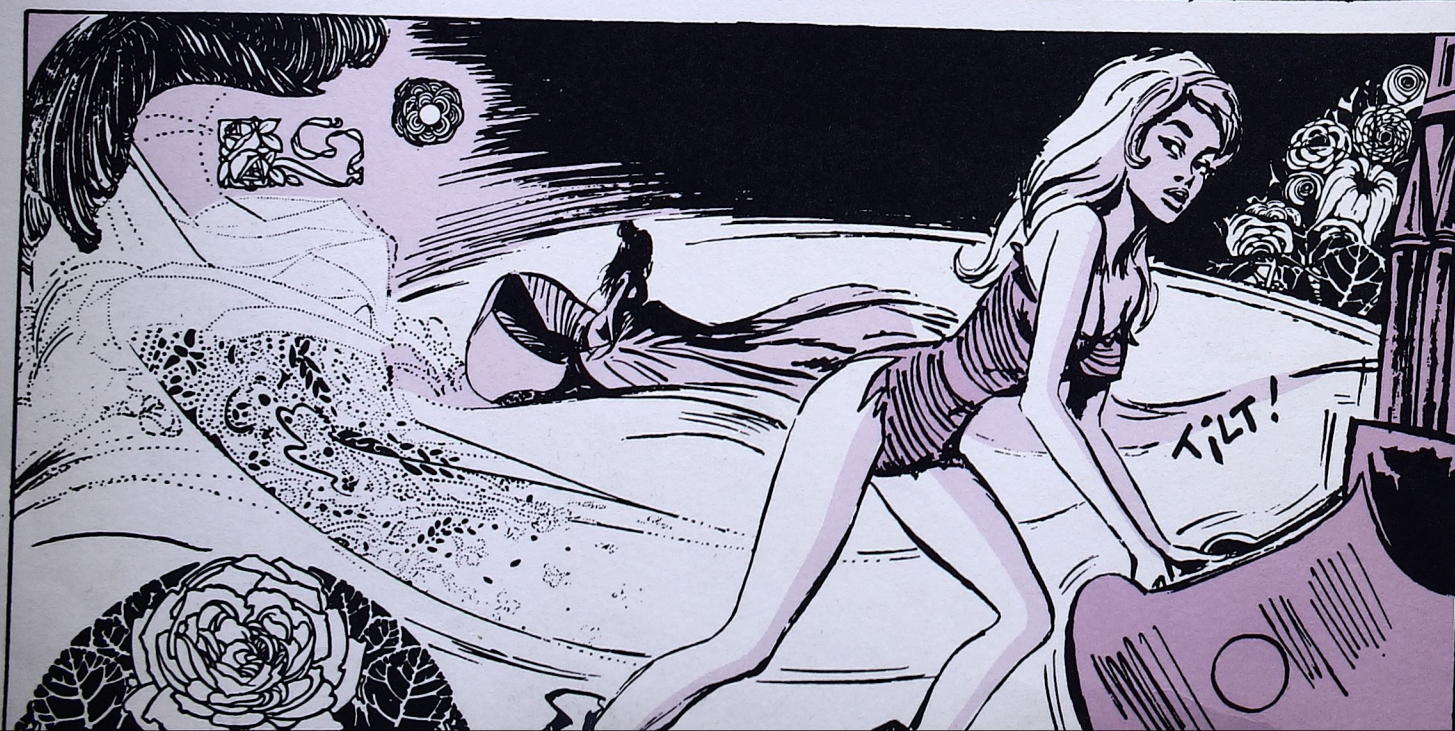
WE'RE DRIFTING AWAY! I SHALL CAST THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE INTO THE FLEA PIT!

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT WAIT UNTIL WE'VE REACHED PORT.



BARBARELLA, HELP ME, MY PRETTY ONE... I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM, GOLD, TURN-AROUND STONES, ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES...

MY, HOW SUBMISSIVE!



TILT!



YES, YES, SUBMISSIVE, WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

AN EMERGENCY EXIT!



BY JUPITER, AN EMERGENCY EXIT! IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME... HELP ME TURN THESE SHEETS BACK.



THERE, AT THE BOTTOM OF MY BED, IS A FELT TRAPDOOR, WHICH OPENS ONTO A SILK LADDER, WHICH LEADS TO A VELVET STAIRCASE, WHICH ITSELF...



WHERE'S THIS STAIRCASE LEADING US?

INTO THE BASEMENTS OF THE PALACE, I BELIEVE. I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE.

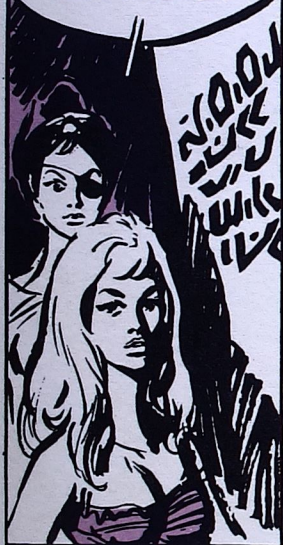


BUT YOUR MAJESTY, IS NOT THE POWER TO UNLEASH SUCH AN ATROCITY IN YOUR HANDS?



YES, AT MY COMMAND THESE CROSSBOWMEN CAN SHOOT THEIR ARROWS AT THE ANIMAL, WHICH WILL CAUSE IT TO SPEW FORTH ITS VENOM.

HERE'S A LIGHT, AND SOME DIRECTIONS CARVED INTO THE STONE.



YOUR MAJESTY, WHY ARE YOU SO PALE?



LISTEN, MY PRETTY ONE, WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SEE IS NOT MY DOING. THIS ODIUS THING HAS BEEN HERE EVER SINCE THE CITY EXISTED, LIKE A WORM IN A PIECE OF FRUIT.

ALL I CAN SEE IS A KIND OF ENDLESS SHELL, WITH PIPES STICKING OUT.



THAT'S ALL ANYONE EVER SEES OF THE BEAST... AT LAST REPORT, ITS DIAMETER EXCEEDED A THOUSAND STERPES.

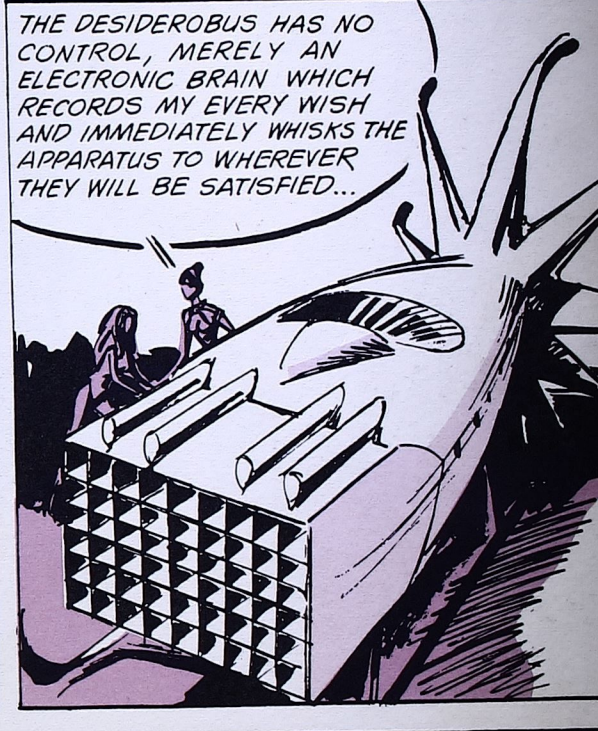
BUT DON'T WORRY, MY PRETTY ONE, I HAVE NO TASTE FOR MAJOR CATASTROPHES. BESIDES, THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT ALL SOGO MIGHT BE CONTAMINATED...



AND ANYWAY, I PREFER OTHER GAMES... COME WITH ME.



THE DESIDEROBUS HAS NO CONTROL, MERELY AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN WHICH RECORDS MY EVERY WISH AND IMMEDIATELY WHISKS THE APPARATUS TO WHEREVER THEY WILL BE SATISFIED...

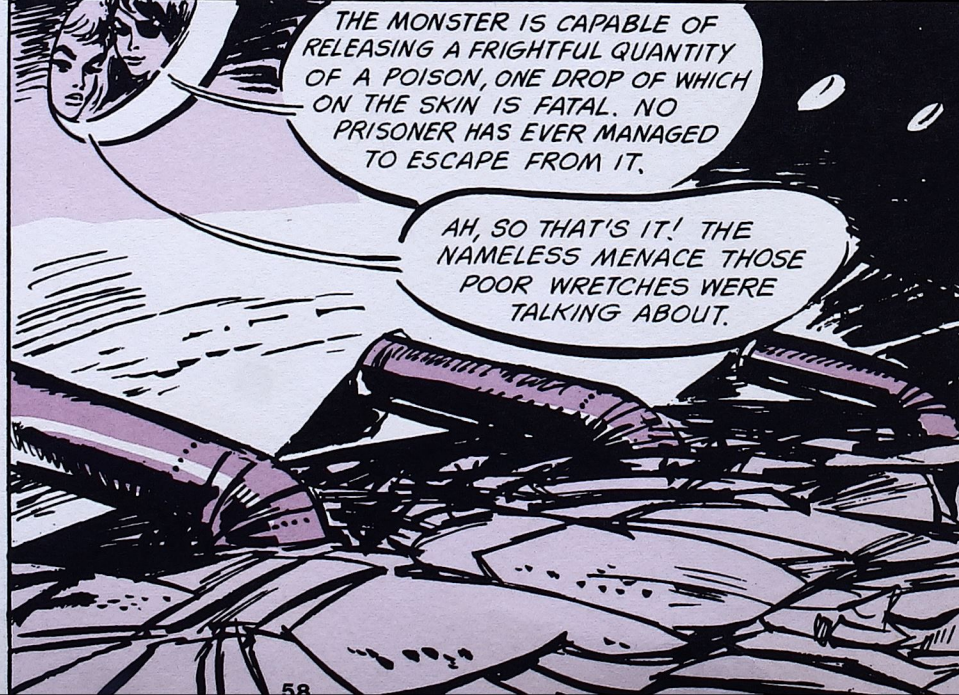


EACH OF THESE PIPES LINKS ITS POISON POUCHES TO THE LABYRINTH WHICH SURROUNDS THE CITY.



THE MONSTER IS CAPABLE OF RELEASING A FRIGHTFUL QUANTITY OF A POISON, ONE DROP OF WHICH ON THE SKIN IS FATAL. NO PRISONER HAS EVER MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM IT.

AH, SO THAT'S IT! THE NAMELESS MENACE THOSE POOR WRETCHES WERE TALKING ABOUT.

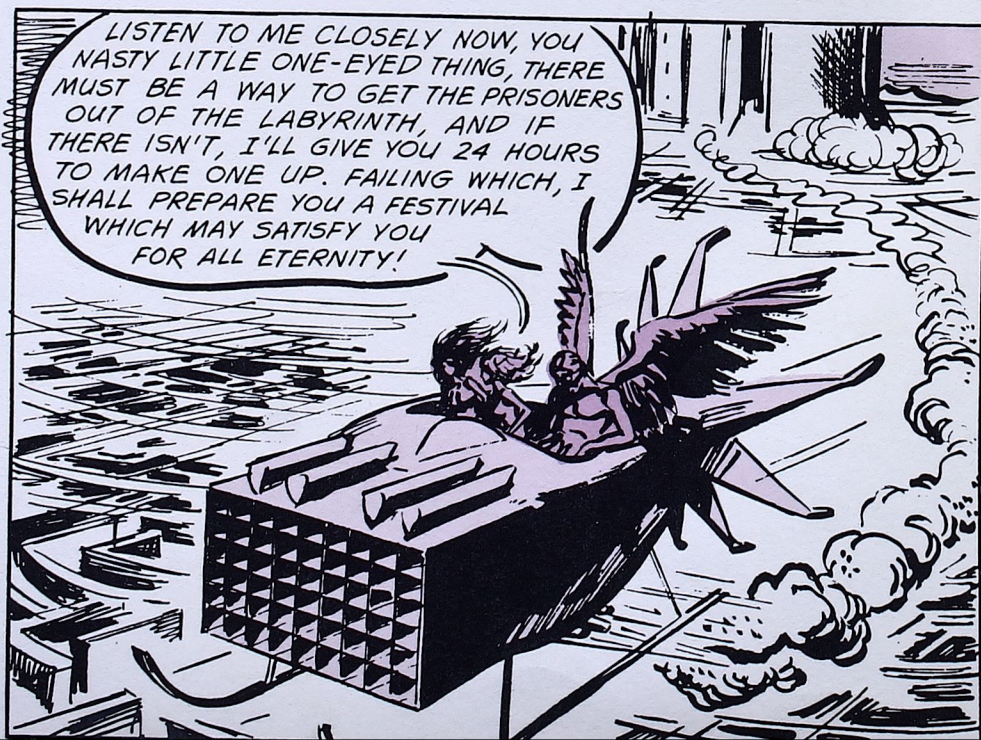


LOOK, BARBARELLA, LOOK... ALL THOSE FOREHEADS BENT LOW OVER COMPLEX EQUATIONS, ALL THOSE EYES GLUED TO THE LENSES OF THEIR MICROSCOPES OR CONCENTRATED ON THE CONTENTS OF THEIR TEST TUBES-- THERE YOU SEE THE ENTIRE SCIENTIFIC ELITE OF SOGO! IT'S WORKING FOR ME, AND HAS ONLY ONE PURPOSE IN MIND: TO EXTEND THE FRONTIERS OF HUMAN PLEASURE... ISN'T THAT A NOBLE PURPOSE?



INDEED IT IS!









CURSES! A PATROL! YOUR MAJESTY, HERE COME YOUR LEATHER WARRIORS. I URGE YOU TO DAMPEN THEIR ARDOR.

SORRY, BUT THEY ONLY RESPOND TO ORDERS GIVEN BY RADIO, IN A CODE I DON'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND.



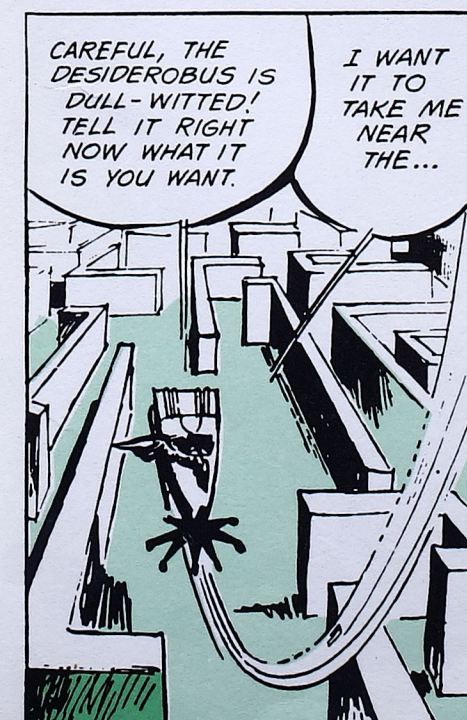
... AND THERE'S NO POINT TRYING TO BUTTER THEM UP, THEY'RE DEAF AND BLIND TO ANY KIND OF BLANDISHMENT.

SO I UNDERSTAND.



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TRYING TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP, WHOOPS!



CAREFUL, THE DESIDEROBUS IS DULL-WITTED! TELL IT RIGHT NOW WHAT IT IS YOU WANT.

I WANT IT TO TAKE ME NEAR THE...



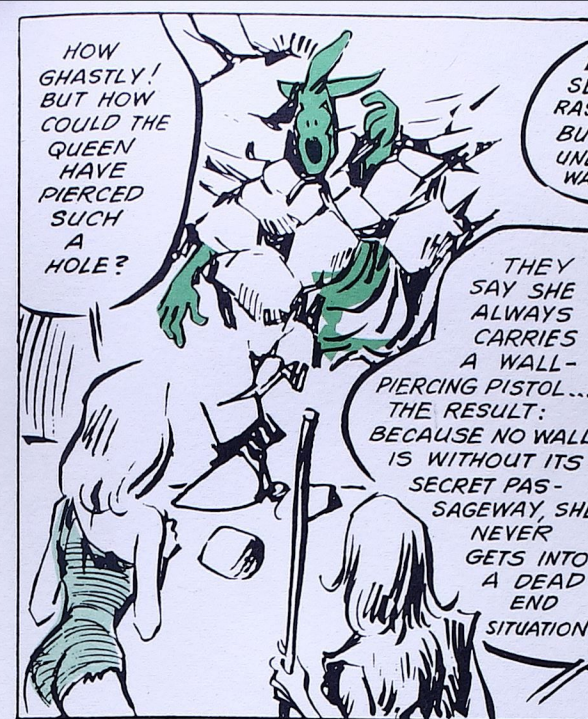




I MUST HAVE EXPRESSED MYSELF POORLY....



GREAT! THE QUEEN IS INDISPOSED, PYGAR IS STILL TOO WEAK TO BE OF ANY HELP, AND HERE I AM LOST IN THE MIDST OF THE LABYRINTH, A POOR LITTLE GIRL, ALL ALONE.



HOW GHASTLY! BUT HOW COULD THE QUEEN HAVE PIERCED SUCH A HOLE?

THEY SAY SHE ALWAYS CARRIES A WALL-PIERCING PISTOL... THE RESULT: BECAUSE NO WALL IS WITHOUT ITS SECRET PASSAGEWAY, SHE NEVER GETS INTO A DEAD END SITUATION.



THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. I'VE SEEN HER IN EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS. BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE WALL FILLED IN AGAIN...

IT'S VERY SIMPLE: THE WALL IS COMPOSED OF LIVING MINERALS. WE HAD NO MORE THAN BREACHED IT WHEN IT BEGAN TO CLOSE UP AGAIN. I ALMOST SAID "HEAL"...

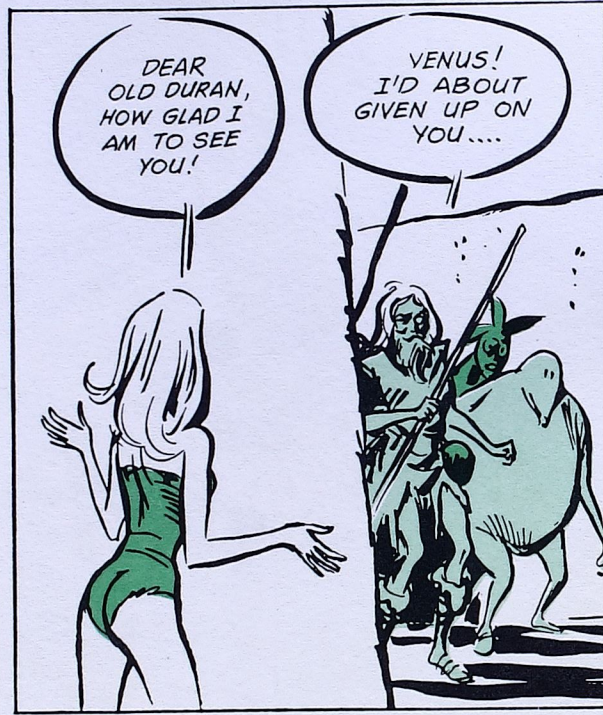


BUT WHAT ABOUT THE EXCAVATION WHERE PYGAR WAS LIVING?

TOTALLY DIFFERENT. THERE IT WAS A QUESTION OF THE WALL'S BEING ILL. BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THE WALL'S VERY ILL....



AH-HA! I THINK I HEAR SOME VOICES.



DEAR OLD DURAN, HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!

VENUS! I'D ABOUT GIVEN UP ON YOU....



I LEFT THE QUEEN OF SOGO AND PYGAR SOMEWHERE OVER IN THAT DIRECTION. THEY'RE A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER.

LET'S GO FIND THEM. I KNOW THIS PART OF THE LABYRINTH FAIRLY WELL.



WHAT ARE THOSE SCREAMS AGAIN? A GOOD MANY DRAMATIC SITUATIONS BEGIN WITH SCREAMING.



WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

THEY SAY THAT THE DAY OF GREAT ABOMINATION HAS COME.



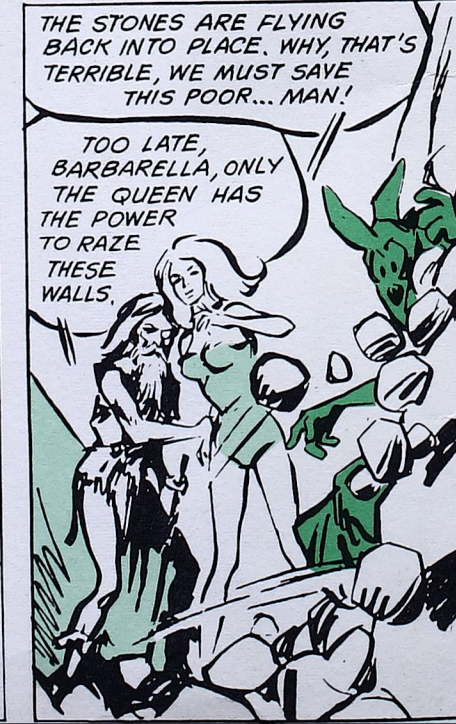
PYGAR, PYGAR! WHERE'S THE QUEEN?

SHE'S DUPED YOU. LOOK AT THIS OPENING IN THE WALL.



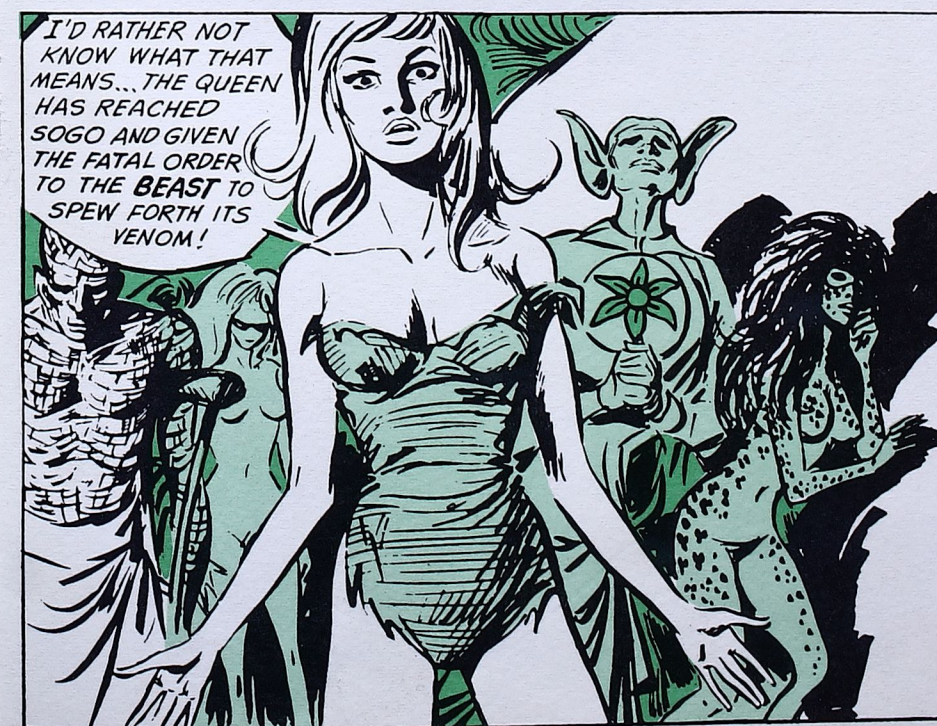
DO YOU THINK SHE SLIPPED OUT THROUGH HERE?... IF ONLY THIS PASSAGE TURNS OUT TO BE THE EXIT FROM THE LABYRINTH!

GET AWAY FROM THERE, YOU WRETCHED CREATURE!

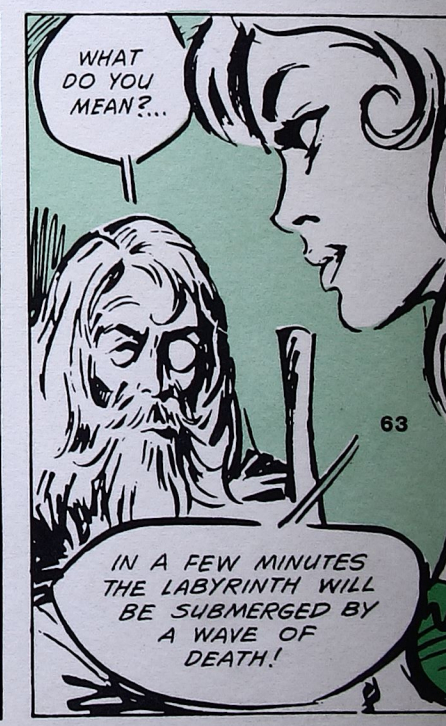


THE STONES ARE FLYING BACK INTO PLACE. WHY, THAT'S TERRIBLE, WE MUST SAVE THIS POOR... MAN!

TOO LATE, BARBARELLA, ONLY THE QUEEN HAS THE POWER TO RAZE THESE WALLS.



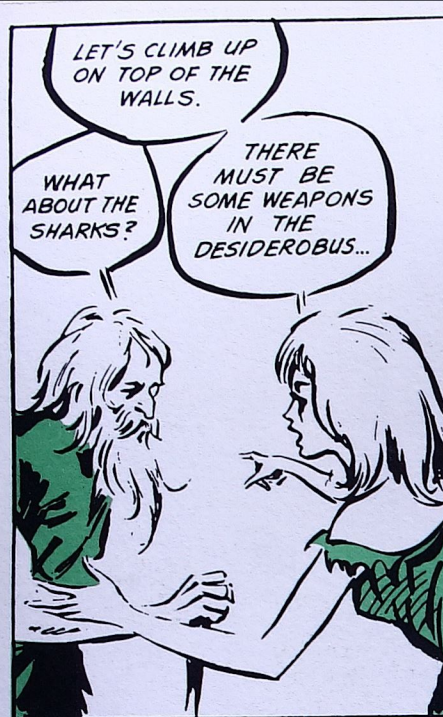
I'D RATHER NOT KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS... THE QUEEN HAS REACHED SOGO AND GIVEN THE FATAL ORDER TO THE BEAST TO SPEW FORTH ITS VENOM!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?...

IN A FEW MINUTES THE LABYRINTH WILL BE SUBMERGED BY A WAVE OF DEATH!

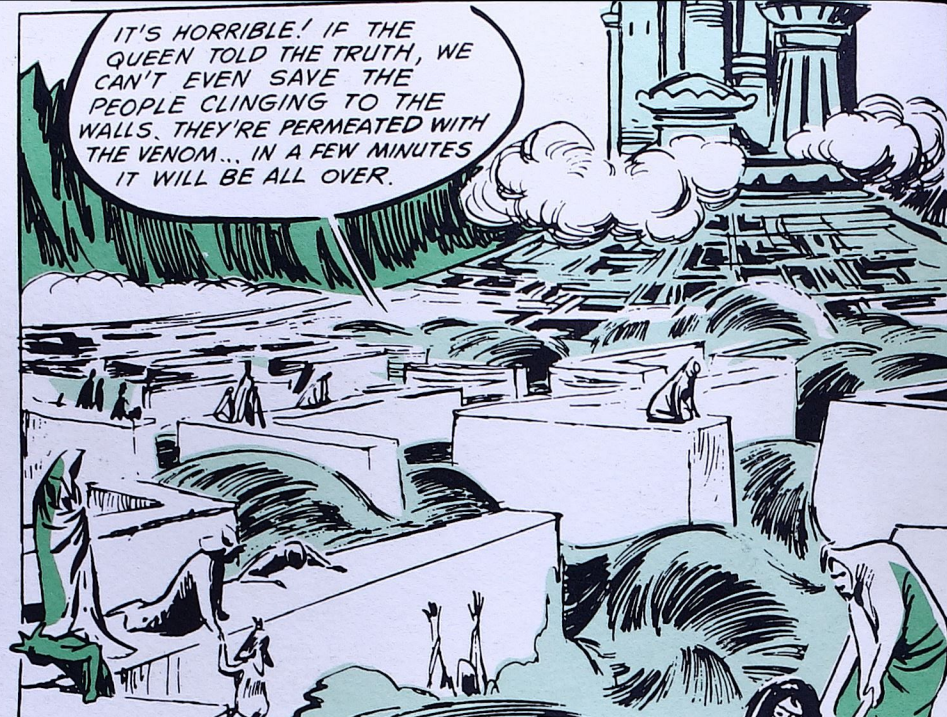




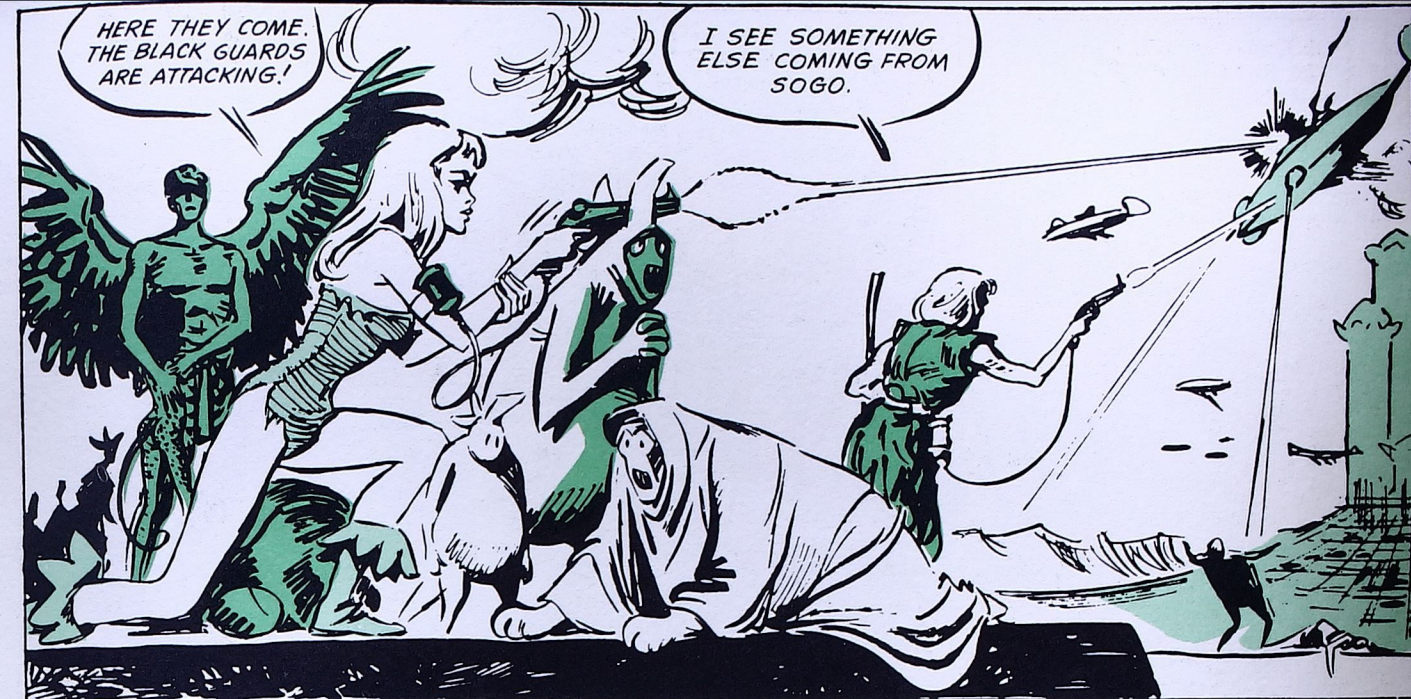
LET'S CLIMB UP ON TOP OF THE WALLS.

WHAT ABOUT THE SHARKS?

THERE MUST BE SOME WEAPONS IN THE DESIDEROBUS...



IT'S HORRIBLE! IF THE QUEEN TOLD THE TRUTH, WE CAN'T EVEN SAVE THE PEOPLE CLINGING TO THE WALLS. THEY'RE PERMEATED WITH THE VENOM... IN A FEW MINUTES IT WILL BE ALL OVER.



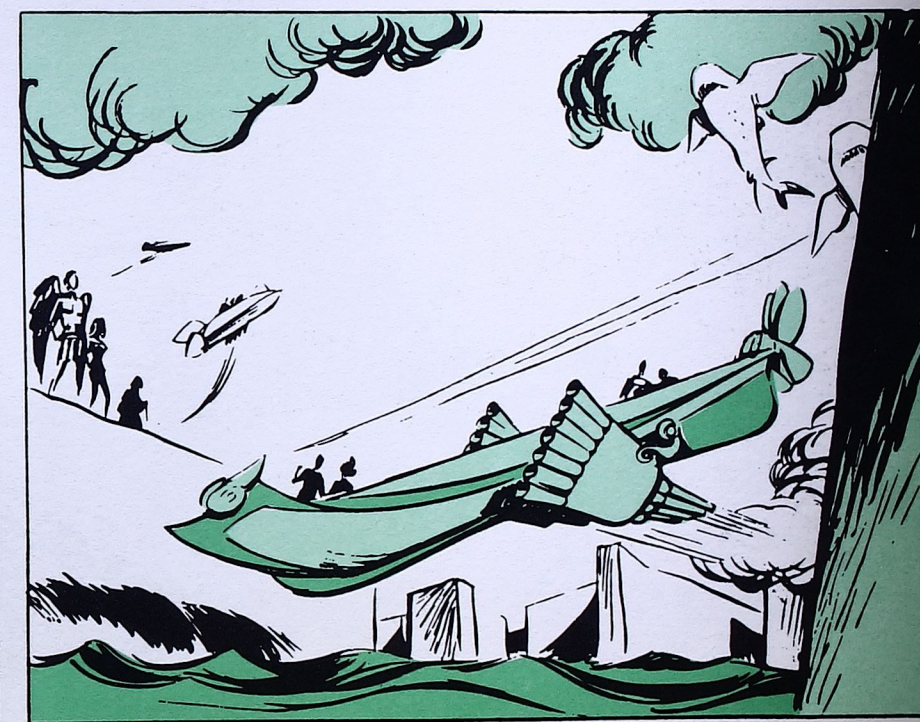
HERE THEY COME. THE BLACK GUARDS ARE ATTACKING!

I SEE SOMETHING ELSE COMING FROM SOGO.



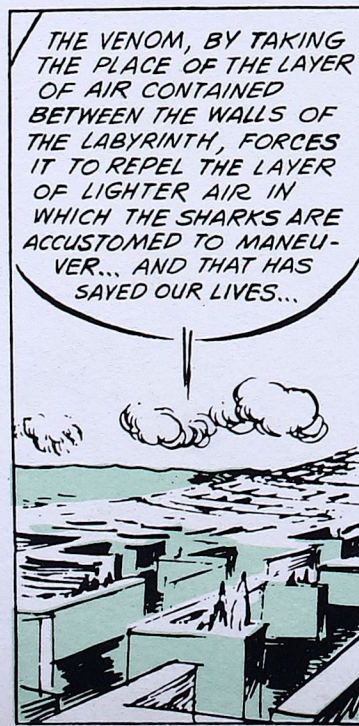
THE BLACK GUARDS HAVE STOPPED ATTACKING, AND HAVE REGAINED ALTITUDE...

YES, BUT THIS OTHER THING IS APPROACHING...



LOOK, THE AIR SHARKS HAVE COME FLOCKING. BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO REACH US...

I THINK I KNOW WHY, TOO...



THE VENOM, BY TAKING THE PLACE OF THE LAYER OF AIR CONTAINED BETWEEN THE WALLS OF THE LABYRINTH, FORCES IT TO REPEL THE LAYER OF LIGHTER AIR IN WHICH THE SHARKS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO MANEUVER... AND THAT HAS SAVED OUR LIVES...



I HEAR THE SOUND OF A MOTOR. IT MUST BE THE BLACK GUARDS. THIS TIME WE'VE REALLY HAD IT!

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I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THEY'VE COME TO GIVE US A HAND!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT.



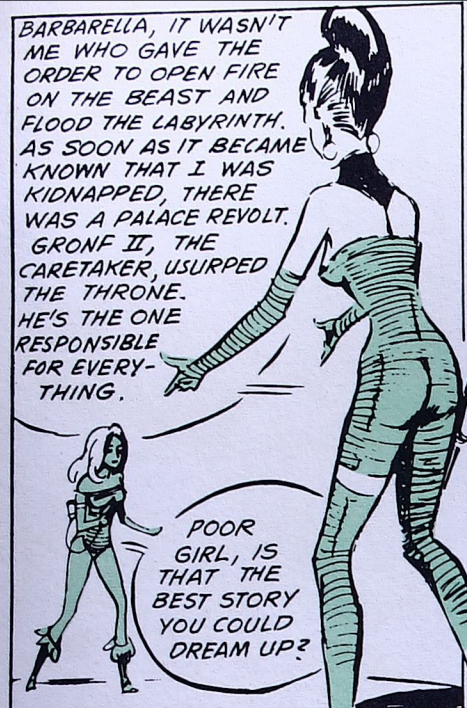
BARBARELLA, MY PET, I WAS SURE I'D FIND YOU SAFE AND SOUND!



WHAT NERVE SHE HAS COMING HERE... I'M GOING TO DISEMBOWEL HER!

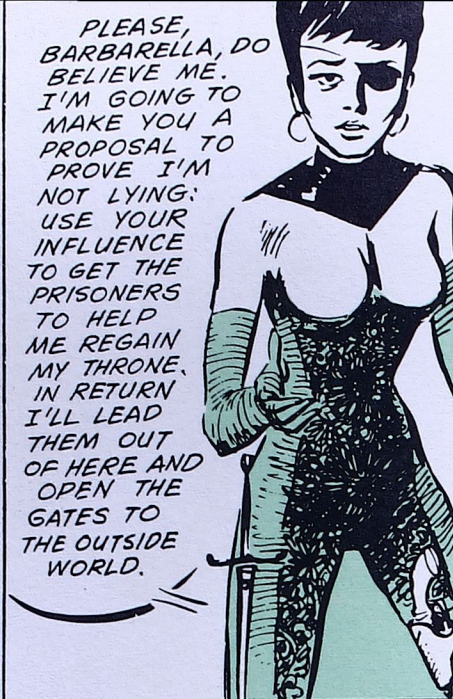
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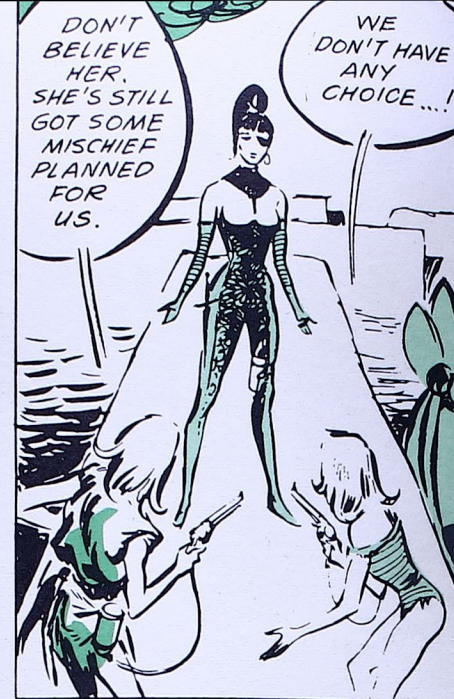


BARBARELLA, IT WASN'T ME WHO GAVE THE ORDER TO OPEN FIRE ON THE BEAST AND FLOOD THE LABYRINTH. AS SOON AS IT BECAME KNOWN THAT I WAS KIDNAPPED, THERE WAS A PALACE REVOLT. GRONF II, THE CARETAKER, USURPED THE THRONE. HE'S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYTHING.

POOR GIRL, IS THAT THE BEST STORY YOU COULD DREAM UP?



PLEASE, BARBARELLA, DO BELIEVE ME. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU A PROPOSAL TO PROVE I'M NOT LYING: USE YOUR INFLUENCE TO GET THE PRISONERS TO HELP ME REGAIN MY THRONE. IN RETURN I'LL LEAD THEM OUT OF HERE AND OPEN THE GATES TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



DON'T BELIEVE HER. SHE'S STILL GOT SOME MISCHIEF PLANNED FOR US.

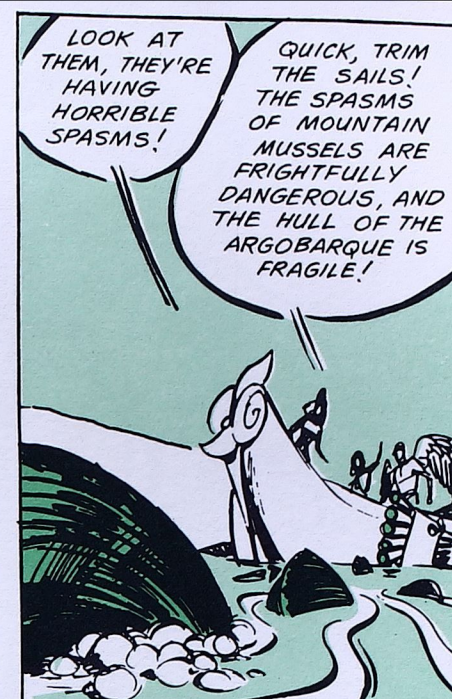
WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE...!



GOOD LORD, THEY'RE MUSSELS...!

MUSSELS?

YES, MOUNTAIN MUSSELS. THERE ARE WHOLE COLONIES OF THEM SURROUNDING THE LABYRINTH... THE VENOM MUST HAVE SHAKEN THEM LOOSE.



LOOK AT THEM, THEY'RE HAVING HORRIBLE SPASMS!

QUICK, TRIM THE SAILS! THE SPASMS OF MOUNTAIN MUSSELS ARE FRIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS, AND THE HULL OF THE ARGOBARQUE IS FRAGILE!



TOO LATE, WE'VE COLLIDED WITH THEM!



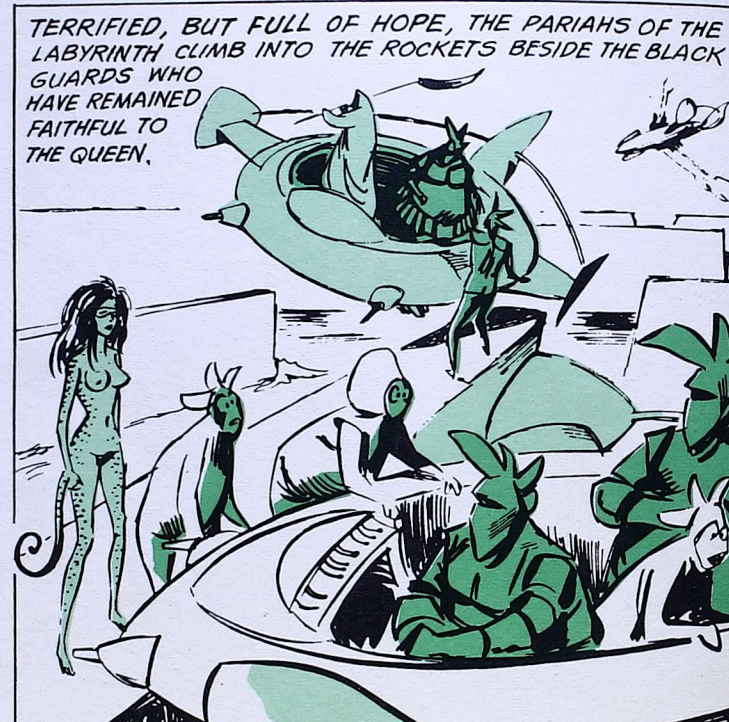
I ACCEPT, BUT FIRST HAVE THE BLACK GUARDS HAND OVER THEIR WEAPONS TO MY FRIENDS. I'LL JOIN YOU ON THIS CARAVEL, I WANT TO BE IN A POSITION TO GIVE YOU A GOOD SOUND SPANKING WHENEVER THE NEED ARISES.

FAIR ENOUGH. I AGREE ABOUT THE WEAPONS AND...ABOUT THE SPANKING...

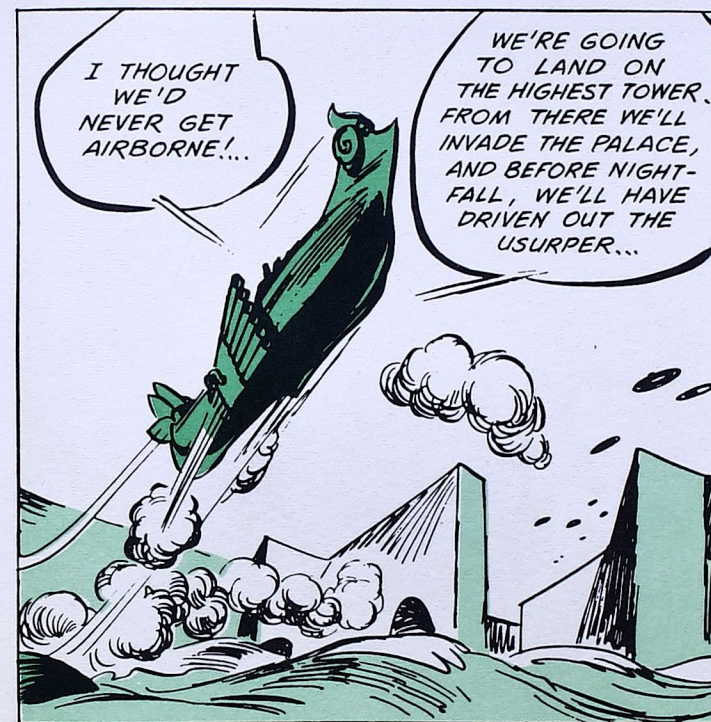


YOU MEAN TO SAY THE BLACK GUARDS OBEY YOU? YOU TOLD ME THE EXACT OPPOSITE.

I MUST CONFESS I WAS LYING THEN, WAS THAT VERY BAD OF ME?



TERRIFIED, BUT FULL OF HOPE, THE PARIAS OF THE LABYRINTH CLIMB INTO THE ROCKETS BESIDE THE BLACK GUARDS WHO HAVE REMAINED FAITHFUL TO THE QUEEN.



I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET AIRBORNE...!

WE'RE GOING TO LAND ON THE HIGHEST TOWER. FROM THERE WE'LL INVADE THE PALACE, AND BEFORE NIGHT-FALL, WE'LL HAVE DRIVEN OUT THE USURPER...



I'M AFRAID YOUR HOPES MAY NOT BE REALIZED....

WHAT? HOW DARE YOU...



LOOK AT SOGO, YOUR MAJESTY. AND ESPECIALLY AT ITS HIGHEST TOWER...

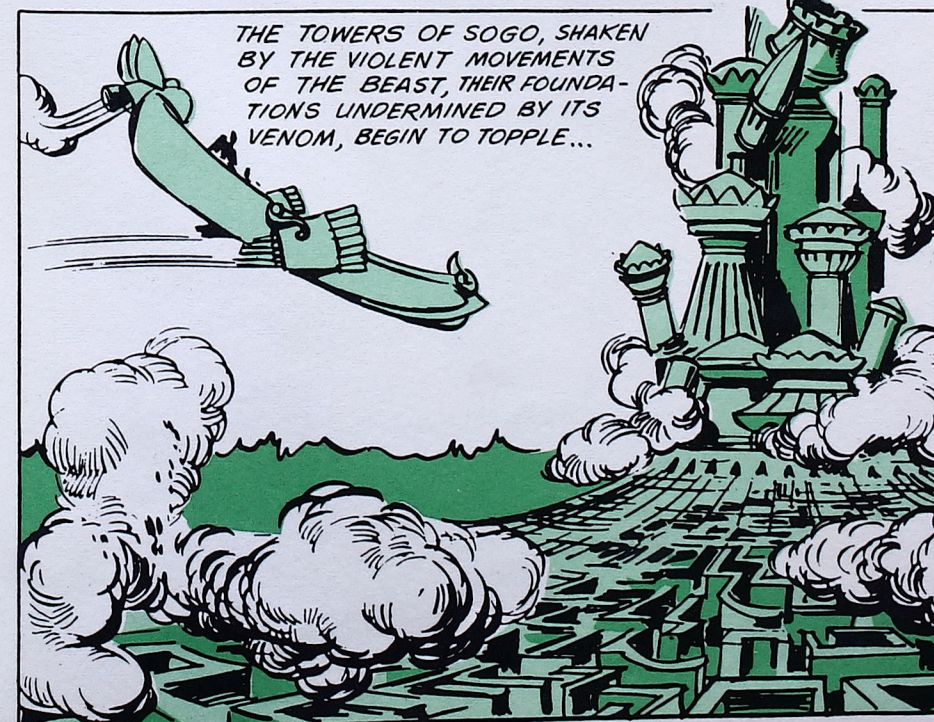


DURAN, TAKE COMMAND OF THE GUARDS. THE QUEEN WILL GIVE YOU THE CODED FORMULA WHICH WILL ALLOW YOU TO DIRECT THEM BY RADIO. PYGAR WILL GO WITH ME. I MAY NEED HIS STRENGTH, I HAVE ONLY THE HIGHEST DISTRUST FOR OUR ROYAL VIPER....



A CARETAKER ON MY THRONE! IT MAKES ME WILD JUST TO THINK OF IT.

WHAT ARE THEY? THEY LOOK LIKE SUBMARINES.



THE TOWERS OF SOGO, SHAKEN BY THE VIOLENT MOVEMENTS OF THE BEAST, THEIR FOUNDATIONS UNDERMINED BY ITS VENOM, BEGIN TO TOPPLE...



AH! SOGO'S RUINED, IT'S GONE! GOOD-BY MY PLEASURES, MY BED, MY THRONE, GOOD-BY TO LIFE, GOOD-BY MY CROWN!

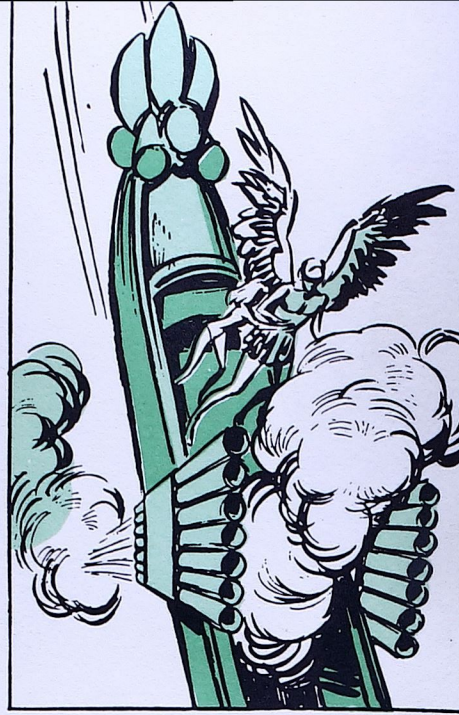
WHEN WE COLLIDED, THE MUSSELS BADLY DAMAGED THE ARGOBARQUE. WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE.



IT'S ALL OVER, MY PRETTY ONE! WE'RE FALLING. THE VENOM'S REACHING US. NOR WILL I ESCAPE ITS EFFECTS. WHICH IS ONLY JUST: THE VENOM'S THE BLOOD OF THE CITY... THE QUEEN CANNOT OUTLIVE HER KINGDOM...



PYGAR, YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE. DO YOU FEEL STRONG ENOUGH?



WHY DID YOU SAVE HER?

AN ANGEL HAS NO MEMORY....

